

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1843.

REVIEWS

A Hand-Book of the History of Painting, &c. Part I., the Italian School of Painting. By Dr. Franz Kugler. Translated from the German by a Lady. Edited, with Notes, by C. L. Eastlake, Esq. R.A. Murray.

SIMPLE as the presumptuous and the superficial may deem it, to write a good Hand-book on Painting, is no task for one of themselves, nor for many a person far their superior. It would demand several talents in conjunction, the least among which, alas! seldom occurs even separately. Condensing power of mind to press into a small compass multitudinous details—the different schools, styles, painters' names and their productions, &c.; philosophical acumen to deduce principles from these details; well-exercised judgment to class them by their veritable characteristics, and arrange them by their veritable deserts; comprehensive taste to relish opposite and all beauties; fertile imagination and full-mindedness to diversify subject-matter so monotonous as discussion of picture after picture, to give what must perforce be so much of a muster-roll ever-new charm, and sustained interest. None fewer, and none lower than these, are the chief mental qualities required; some others besides would not prove superfluous. But an undertaking that might task a Reynolds's strong sense, a Lessing's chastened spirit, and the copious erudition of a Winkelmann, has till of late devolved upon some dull and nameless, or unnameable drudge, illiterate or only learned in smooth commonplaces. It may be said, why pluck a quill from the wing of Pegasus to indite a mere hand-book, which is at best but a kind of horn-book for grown children? May we not ask in return,—why on the other hand, as *Dodds* are extinct, lay a *duck-billed platypus* under contribution? Wherefore, select your pen-feather from a sparrow? It seems little comprehended that rudimental books are precisely those which should be drawn up with maturest thought; if the uninstructed be taught by the half-instructed, it is the purlind leading the blind, to flounder along the kennel, though perhaps not fall into the ditch. Some minds are ever in their teens, yet such are considered the most eligible as tutors for adult learners!

But we must limit our claims upon writers of elementary treatises. Were it ever so desirable it would scarce be reasonable to expect that men possessing the above-mentioned aggregate of talents, should employ them in such productions. Let us rest satisfied, though an intellectual hydra do not lay his seven heads together and concoct a hand-book. Dr. Kugler, if no Admirable Crichton, an all-in-all sufficient, is just as little of a Pilkington, an all-in-all deficient. Neither is his volume the wretched receptacle for literary petty larcenies he would have us believe,—“a compilation, *strictly* a compilation.” Half a page forward, he makes some pretensions rather irreconcilable with such excessive lowliness:—“But although this system of compilation prevails generally, and even in the portion just alluded to [*i. e.* Part II.], it was at the same time the author's object to express his own *peculiar views and convictions*. Perhaps many crude partial opinions, or to give them a milder term, many *subjective* decisions, may have been the result; perhaps many a reader of a different taste may be offended by them. A decided mode of thinking may be less objectionable than the opposite defect—but too common in compilations of this kind [*i. e.* not of this kind]—the defect, namely, of blindly following various authorities, and indiscriminately adopting their tone; now exalting the romantic, now the classic

principle; at one time recognizing the end of imitation in the artlessness of the early epochs, at another, in the measured regularity of the later academic efforts.” Truth to say, our compiler is often original and independent enough to differ from all the world, and bytimes, as we have seen, even from himself. Indeed, the very title of his book agrees but ill with his text; he seems to have drawn up the one and the other for quite opposite purposes, unless, perhaps, the title be his publisher's and the text his own. He says, “It was the publisher's wish, that the work should recommend itself as a *traveller's* hand-book, to point out what is most worthy of attention among the examples of painting in different places.” We have a convenient test how far forth it recommends itself as a traveller's hand-book through England; at the National Gallery, it points out just *seven* paintings, one amongst which (the *Giorgione*) is by its own verdict *not* worthy of attention, and another (a Titian) is *not* the celebrated ‘Bacchus and Ariadne.’ Of the almost countless collections in English palaces and private houses and public establishments, all but a few are left unnoticed; and of these few, a single picture generally makes up the whole Catalogue Raisonné appropriated to each collection. Windsor Palace, Dulwich College, Grosvenor House, Sutherland House, &c. &c. containing at least some Italian pictures, have not furnished between them a single specimen; Ashburton House, Leigh Court, Castle Howard, Alton Towers, &c. &c., which possess many worth great attention, obtain none from our hand-book maker. As regards the traveller out of England, it may be enough to specify among the numerous omissions of notice-worthy paintings, Michaelangelo's *Paolina* Chapel at the Vatican, and his *unique* easel work at Florence; Titian's splendid ‘Presentation of the Virgin’ in the Venetian Academy, and his three most remarkable works on the soffit at the Salute, ‘Cain and Abel,’ ‘Abraham and Isaac,’ ‘David and Goliath;’—Paul Veronese's fourth great ‘Feast of Cana’ at the Louvre, his ‘Family of Darius’ at Venice, his famous ‘St. George’ at Verona; Tintoretto's sublime ‘Crucifixion’ at St. Rocco, Venice, may be also enumerated, as it is only honoured with the single word “large,” though pronounced by Mr. Eastlake, and we believe by all impartial judges, “the most perfect work by the master.” These are a few instances out of hundreds scarce less signal. If the author will enter into ignoble competition with “the usual guide-books,” we can tell him Madame Starke or Valéry is a leader to whom the traveller, anxious only for “ample examples” would far prefer intrusting his nose. Besides this relative scarcity of examples, several painters whose principles exercised early, wide, and deep influence upon the art, are overlooked altogether; as Oderigi da Gubbio, the primitive Illuminator, and Franco Bolognese, his pupil, both whom Dante condescends to mention, though Dr. Kugler does not. Franco, who painted likewise in large, was founder of the first and best Bolognese school, “its Giotto.” No production by Oderigi, however, is now extant. Margaritone, the re-inventor and improver of *canvas*-painting, the rival of Cimabue in his ‘crucifixions,’ has been, like the hobby-horse, forgot. Other luminaries are viewed through a green glass, and so become discoloured, or through a diminishing glass, which renders them quite insignificant—Parmegiano, Pontormo, Pietro della Francesca, &c. This last-cited “clarum et venerabile nomen” is mentioned somewhat in the “one-Milton” vein of Bishop Burnet. Mr. Eastlake well observes—“Considering the claims of some painters

* “E questa era da professori Veneti anteposta a tutte”—(it was preferred to all the others by the Venetian professors).—Lanzi.

in the author's catalogue, perhaps Pietro della Francesca deserves more honourable mention.” He also thinks Cigoli treated with less than due discernment and justice. We would not, however, by thus reducing into low relief, what Dr. Kugler, or his publisher, would make so prominent a merit of the work before us, depreciate its real value, but simply prevent misconception about that value. As a Synopsis of Italian Painting, as one which exhibits sounder views than most German, nobler, purer, more comprehensive views than any English similar or kindred publication, it does verily recommend itself to all lovers of art, whether cognoscenti or ignorant, travellers or bed-ridden readers. This we feel persuaded is the right foundation on which Dr. Kugler should rest his claims, and he ought not to place them on a lower.

Such a work, as its editor with justice asserts, was universally wanted. Lanzi's ‘Storia Pittorica’ is a most respectable production; in lucid arrangement, perspicuous style, in sober enthusiasm, and sound theoretical doctrines, it is superior to this or perhaps any possible effusion of the German brain, which, ruled as it seems to be by a changeful Moon, either ebbs away from its subject ever and anon, or floods it unfathomably. The aforesaid respectable production contains a good deal of information, though subsequent research has extended and rectified its circle, which demarcates light from darkness. Precise, unambitious, in matter as in language, it makes no attempt at profound views nor splendid abstractions; now and then a pregnant maxim, a pointed remark, edifies the reader; nay, it has bytimes its neat little apothegm or polished classic allusion, to enliven him. In brief, we consider it far better adapted than any other work yet published, as an elementary treatise on Italian Painting. But as a Synopsis, it is longer and minuter than at all desirable. Being a national work, it, pardonably enough, particularizes every obscure Italian painter, the Apelles of his parish, though without any fame much beyond it. This renders a great part of the treatise to cosmopolite amateurs somewhat tedious and trivial. As a Critique upon Art, it has still graver defects. The characters given resemble too much those *éloges* pronounced on French academicians defunct, chanting forth in one strain of doxology, the impeccable productions and immaculate conceptions of each successive artist; or at least inducing the belief that they were all, like the angelic orders, distinguished by various degrees of brightness, but no dark gradations. Abbate Lanzi would have every portrait as Queen Bess wished her own to be, without a shade in it.* He appears throughout his *Storia Pittorica*, a kind of Fra Beato after his way, delineating faultless beings by the squadron, and painting the very damned themselves with *couleur-de-rose* complexions. Every spot upon their robes is a star. Now, no species of criticism can instruct less than the eulogistical. A due perception of defects is quite as requisite as of beauties. Praise must be graduated; generosity to the inferior artists entails injustice to the higher, for these are defrauded of their due, as you cannot go beyond superlatives. Like copies of good pictures compared with their originals, the mimicries by a mediocre artist of a master-spirit's genius will teach more, if made plain, than a panegyric as long as Pliny's. In criticism, it should never be forgotten that there is an interest to be served above that of any artist—viz. that of the Art. Lanzi's abstract criticism, however, we may pronounce the heel of his virtù, were all the rest invulnerable. If good enough as far as it goes, that length being so very limited, the admission

* Michaelangelo forms a strange exception; but Lanzi was a partizan of the Raffaelsque faction.

concedes him but little. In the present advanced state of Connoissance, much more profound, enlarged, and exalted views than his microscopic mental eye could embrace or penetrate, are requisite for any readers who have got beyond their pictorial albeedarium. He makes Painting a mere tasteful pursuit, an elegant exercise of the hands, as dancing is of the feet, or at most a sublime way in which to titillate the "sensuous" organs, and through them perhaps ravish the soul. It should be proved all these, and something more, or it is not rightly comprehended. Effects much deeper than pleasures, whether physical or intellectual, lie under these, otherwise Art scarce deserves even such an historian as a Lanzi.

On this postulate, however, conclusions by no means mathematical have been built. It does not follow, that when Criticism soars from the plain to the pinnacle, she commands a better prospect; for clouds gather here as well as fogs there. An attempt to take those profound, expansive, elevated views, we have mentioned, leads into peril of an opposite kind—the peril of overstepping truth instead of not stepping up to it. The very elevated becomes indistinct, the deeply penetrative obscure, the vastly expansive extravagant. An intellectual aeronaut who takes his flight too far above earth, approaches the Limbo of Fools. More especially is a German, or a Germanized, author subject to this dangerous ambition. Few statistical facts are more remarkable than that the dullest possible commentators, and the most bizarre original writers, have been produced by the same people, whose literature seems about equally divided between them. Both appear to be engendered by a brooding sedentary life, so common among the Germans, which encourages mental occupation instead of practical, and hatches numberless theories, oftentimes addled because sat upon too long; as well as numberless platitudes called Annotations and Interpretations, more impervious by the powerfulness will than a rampart of sandbags by a cannon-ball. Stagnant pools beget both sluggish mists and wandering fires. Minds big with knowledge will bring forth books; like Clarence, they will strive "to yield the ghost," nor allow the envious flood of literature around them to—

"Snoother it within their panting bulks
That almost burst to belch it in the sea."

And who can wonder if much of this abstract literature, produced by solitary effort without due commerce with mankind, should prove mere *hippomania*, like the offspring of Virgil's mares "without father bred," mere wind-swollen abortions? Our *Stolze Vetter* may conceit that such lucubrations, in particular, as seem written by the light of a divine Ignis-fatuus, do them most credit. So, too, certain monastic visionaries may have thought the fumes from their heated brains were halos round their heads! But we have better hopes of Germany. Nay, we have better of her than of England with regard to future intellectual productions and progress. Spreading manufactures and commerce will render the Germans more practical, and thereby correct their ultra-theoretical tendencies; while that same cause will render the English more materialist every day, who are too much so even at present. There is a youth of national literature, wild, hair-brained, transgressive, and ungovernable, which time will sober down, reducing its feverous pulse to a happier temperature, and its irregular hectic complexion to a constant healthful glow. Literary Germany has not sown her wild oats yet: England has, long since, and is now perhaps come to her chaff. A nation grown old will scarce recover her previous vigour; her genius cannot, like a crab, go backward from the great Inane which gapes for it. The days of our

Shakspeare and Milton are past; but it is one comfort, we had them! Certainly, however, if the British giants of criticism be not, in Gaelic phrase, "hogsheds of sense," the German leviathans are "dungeons of wit;" their speculations are very deep, but they are very dark. Amongst these the clearest-sighted spirit, the Uriel of critics, becomes a very Tibbald,—

And sinks from thought to thought, a vast profound!

till he feels himself almost as fargone from all prospect of light as any bleary-eyed devil in the bottomless pit. We are compelled to pronounce sentence, though with iron tears, against Dr. Kugler's Introductory Discussion (a third of his book) on the above score. Several parts of it are little less obscure, to an ordinary reader, than if written in the arrow-headed character; nay, certain specimens would be veritable printed Babylonian bricks to him—wonderful, but unintelligible; various assertions are, so to say, at open mouth against each other, like the winds in Eolus's cave; many passages resemble the Walls of Troy, or the Labyrinth of Crete, which, seeming to approach the point desired, lead you away from it. Much of the reasoning, similar indeed to most modern that calls itself philosophical, reminds us of what mathematicians name the transformation of co-ordinates, whereby old results are represented under new formulæ, with a vast appearance of acquisition and progress, when neither the value nor the breadth of a hair is gained. At cloudless noon a glow-worm lights his ineffectual fire, and sets up his horn thereupon, as if another sun had come out to illuminate the world! Not that we deny the efficacy of the above philosophical process, by-times, in belles-lettres, any more than in mathematics: it often simplifies known truths, and brings us so near the outlying *terra incognita* to be discovered, that we can leap ashore on some of the headlands, and even plant a flag-staff. But no circumstance raises our suspicions about a book so much as when the manner is deeper than the matter, when the great difficulty lies with the language not the ideas. For two-thirds, we grant, of the present volume a reader looks direct at the ideas through the language, and forgets this like the ether through which he reads the stars, because of its clearness: indeed, Dr. Kugler seldom, anywhere, puts his own light out under a bushel of words, or is to be classed with other luminaries of the age, who are like our November suns that create the fogs amidst which they glimmer and struggle. But we must take leave to call him now and then by Homer's polite sobriquet for Jove, a "cloud-compeller;" were his thoughts lightnings they would scarce be visible through the misty atmosphere of his language.

Shall we have to cry it three times per day like a Muezzin from a steeple-top? true transcendentalism does not consist alone in soaring to heights beyond the reach of short-winged aspirers, but in carrying them also thither. Else the transcendentalist is little better than that unaccommodating spirit who wore a spencer lest his disciples should stick to his skirts as he flew to heaven. Most transcendentalists, indeed, we suspect resemble hooded hawks thrown off the fist, that continue to beat upward because they are blind. However, we have at least a right to protest against Critics, whose trade is explication, introducing the confusion of Babel into one and the same language—worse than if they wagged, like Cerberus, three tongues at once. And firstly of the first, we entertain a horror of those charlatan epithets, as generally applied, *aesthetical*, *esoteric*, *neoteric*, *subjective*, *objective*,—only fit for pretenders to conjure with, and bubble the public out of its golden, or whatsoever we must call its precious opinions. Schlegel, himself, condemns the first term, although he uses it as current

among his countrymen, who are fond of all coinages stamped with a Scaliger's head, or a Chimæra's. We never knew an Englishman given to such terms who was not a shallow coxcomb. Dr. Kugler also deals them about, but, like false cards, sparingly. *Objective* might perhaps be endured to express, in Mr. Eastlake's words, "all that is without the human being," though there are internal objects of contemplation as well as external. Perhaps, too, our author's phrase, *didactic* painting, might pass, because the metaphor soon becomes comprehensible. But what shall we say of *lyrical* painting? Not that we have any prejudice against new words; they are often necessary for new ideas: *purism* is the Calvinism of language, its doctrine of Election and Special Grace, by which certain words are preserved eternally, and others excluded from all hope of acceptance world without end. We profess no such narrow-spirited system: it impounds the mind as well as the speech, and prevents it gathering food no less than transgressing. Neither do we require that new terms be mathematically definite, because all ideas are not mathematical; nor even that they be logically precise, because all modifications of thought cannot have verbal representatives. We can pardon uncouth, obsolete, fanciful, yea, quaint or capricious terms, if only intelligible;—applaud them if piquant, pregnant, or characteristic. But we cry anathema upon such terms as long-tongued philosophizers ring their empty changes with, because they are obscure, if not altogether unmeaning, and affected, if not altogether inapplicable. Still further do we dislike them because they render ludicrous, and bring into bad odour, what we much wish to see naturalized among our writers—sound transcendentalism. If by the double blenheim of over-refined, loose-strung, visionary reasonings, that would befit the convalescent ward of a mad-house, and vague inflated words, transcendentalism be rendered the occult science of modern adepts,—if it be made by those who talk it but a wilderness of curious noises, and by those who write it but a *recherche* kind of nonsense,—we shall still less advocate its introduction amongst us than the prevalence of that malapert, high-heeled, literary foppishness, called philosophy, or that grovelling sagacity we entitle practical wisdom. English criticism upon Art may rely too much of the Reporter's style—flippant censure and fulsome praise—flowers of poetry swimming down a turbid stream, turbid, yet shallow enough to show the worthless spangles and the rubbish at its bottom: this is miserable, we admit: but even dissertations upon petty details, panegyrics on trifling prettinesses, the narrowest, mole-eyed views of Art's magnificent world—*bonâ fide* newspaper criticism, whether in broad sheets or in books,—is preferable to pseudo-transcendental criticism. When Ixion grasped a cloud, mistaking it for the Queen of Heaven, he begot monsters.

The History of Holland, from the beginning of the Tenth to the end of the Eighteenth century. By C. M. Davies, Esq. Vol. II. London, Parker.

In our notice of the first volume of this work (No. 716), we pointed out the interest and importance of the History of Holland to English readers, and directed attention to the similarity of commercial pursuits, municipal institutions, social habits, and, to some extent, of language, which united England with Holland by bonds which have been often loosed but never wholly broken. The greater part of the second volume is devoted to the history of the great war between Commerce and Feudalism, in which the Dutch and English, as leaders of the mercantile interests of the world, rent in sunder the restrictions

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which the Court of Madrid, aided by the Bulls of the Vatican, attempted to impose on European intercourse with Asia and America, and humbled the exorbitant power of Spain. It is not our purpose to give even an outline of this tremendous struggle: we shall rather select some of those incidents of the history which tend most to illustrate the great principles involved in the contest.

It is instructive to cast a glance at the pecuniary condition of both parties at the beginning and the end of their long war. When the Dutch first raised the standard of revolt they were literally, what they were contemptuously called, "beggars" (*Gueux*); on the other hand their oppressor, Philip, wielded not only the vast resources of the entire Spanish peninsula, but also the treasures imported from Peru, the profits of the commerce with the East and West Indies, the trade of the Mediterranean, and entire command over the intercourse between northern Europe and the Levant. When the war closed, Holland took the lead of all Christendom in commercial wealth, and Spain was bankrupt. Mr. Davies has pointed out the source of that treasure which enabled the "beggars" to bear up against the mightiest and wealthiest monarch of his day:—

"It cannot be supposed for a moment that the inhabitants of a small and impoverished nook of land, such as Holland and Zealand, were possessed of more resources to pay and provide for their troops than a monarch who had the wealth of both worlds at his command; on the contrary, their trade and manufactures had decayed in consequence of the war; many of the richest families had fled during the persecutions of Alva, taking with them a large portion of their property; and the best of their lands were laid under water by the cutting of the dykes; but they found in this time of trial and distress, an inexhaustible mine of treasure in their unsullied national probity, their unimpeachable public credit. During the long sieges, when specie failed, the States or municipal governments were in the habit of issuing promissory notes, or coining money of tin, and this money was received in payment by the foreign troops, as well as the natives, without the slightest hesitation; nor was such traffic as remained, ever embarrassed for an instant by want of confidence, in a circulating medium so wholly destitute of intrinsic value. The holders of it implicitly relied on the conviction that no plea of distress, no complaint of usury or extortion, would stand in the way of their receiving the full amount it promised, as soon as circumstances permitted; nor did they doubt, that nothing but the utter destruction of the government would prevent its fulfilling to the letter every engagement it had entered into. It was this perfect integrity, this unbounded confidence between man and man, which enabled Holland to protract the war until the resources of her adversary were completely exhausted. A striking contrast in this respect was presented by the conduct of the King of Spain, who, having incurred a debt of 14,500,000 ducats to the merchants of Spain and Genoa, obtained from the pope a dispensation, permitting him to revoke all his promises and engagements, 'lest he should be ruined by usury while combating the heretics.'"

Another circumstance, which had no small influence in determining the contest was, that the Spaniards not only exhibited the most remorseless cruelty to the insurgents found in arms, but even on the slightest suspicion plundered the cities in which they were garrisoned, and massacred some of the staunchest adherents to their own cause. The scene of pillage and slaughter, usually called "the Spanish Fury," at Antwerp, was not a solitary instance of these excesses, though its having occurred in a Catholic and friendly city has rendered it more prominent than the rest. On the other hand, the Dutch authorities generally showed themselves patient and forbearing, when the distress occasioned by taxation or free-quarters drove the

peasants to revolt. On one occasion the peasants of Friesland took up arms:—

"They called themselves 'The Legion of Despair,' and carried as a device the half of an egg-shell, to denote that, having lost the yolk, they had nothing left to fight for but the shell. The Count of Hohenlohe having advanced against them at the head of some troops, and slain 700, persuaded the remainder to surrender their arms, and with some difficulty reduced them to submission."

The tenderness with which they were treated rendered these insurgents, ever afterwards, some of the firmest supporters of the States.

One of the strangest episodes in the war was the elevation of the Duke of Anjou to the sovereignty of the Netherlands. Historians have generally passed too slightly over the strange fortunes of this prince, whose brief career was one of continued disappointment. He had hoped, by the influence of Coligni, to obtain from Charles IX. the Lieutenant-Generalship of France, and perhaps the right of succession, to the prejudice of his brother Henry, but Henry and his mother procured the assassination of the Admiral and the massacre of St. Bartholomew; when Henry III. became King, Anjou proposed to himself the office of Protector of the Huguenots, but he was thrown into prison, and came out of it branded as the betrayer of the cause he had undertaken to defend; he was invited to England as the affianced spouse of Queen Elizabeth, and was frustrated in his hope of sharing a kingdom just as every apparent obstacle to his marriage was removed; he was received with enthusiastic joy in the Netherlands as "Protector and Defender," but was driven out as a fugitive and pursued with execration and contempt; finally, looking forward to succeed his brother, who was childless and unhealthy, he was prematurely cut off at the age of thirty. His expulsion from the Netherlands was caused by his attempt to make himself master of all the towns in which the French had garrisons; he, himself, headed the enterprise in Antwerp, where "the French Fury" had a result very different from the Spanish:—

"The burghers fought with desperate courage; several who in their haste had been unable to provide themselves with ball, loaded their muskets with their buttons and the money in their purses, which they bent into the requisite shape with their teeth. A single instance will serve to show the spirit of these humble traders, upon whose prowess the belted knight, cased in his impenetrable armour and mounted on his powerful war-horse, was accustomed to look down with such high disdain. A baker hearing the tumult while engaged in kneading his dough, rushed out in the light linen dress he wore, with no other arms than the shovel he used in his trade, and meeting with a horseman struck him a blow which felled him to the earth; when, finding himself surrounded by foes, he vaulted on the back of his enemy's horse, and retired unhurt. The number of defenders continued every moment to increase, the women and boys mingling eagerly in the combat; while the first impetuosity of the French began to subside into feebleness and wavering. The burghers rapidly regained the ramparts and bulwarks of the Kipdorp Gate, and fired so incessantly from the neighbouring houses that the dead and the dying lay in a heap at the entrance nearly twice the height of a man. Anxious to shut the gate, lest a reinforcement of the enemy should enter from without, the burghers found it impracticable from the number of corpses, the sickening labour of removing which consumed a longer time than had been occupied by the battle."

The disunion produced by this treacherous attempt would most probably have enabled the Prince of Parma to subdue the Netherlands, had he not inspired the revolvers with an intense dread of his perfidy and cruelty, by his consenting to the assassination of the Prince of Orange. As some modern writers have denied Parma's participation in this crime, it may be well to

quote the testimony of the Jesuit Strada, the passionate eulogist of Alexander Farnese: he says, "Moreover, he (Balthazar Gerard, the assassin) offered his services for the purpose to the Prince of Parma, but was rejected as inadequate to the task (*spretus ut impar*). It is gratifying to find, that this crime deprived Alexander Farnese of all the advantages of his previous victories, and what was even more serviceable to his cause, the dissensions of his enemies."

The siege and capture of Antwerp by the Spaniards is one of the most interesting events in the annals of modern warfare, but the pen of Schiller has made the details familiar to all Europe. Mr. Davies has added one incident, on the authority of Strada, which must not be omitted:—

"The effect of the intelligence of the capture of Antwerp on the cold and dissembling Philip II., from whom all the previous successes attending his arms,—the victory of St. Quentin, that of Lepanto gained over the Turks, and even the conquest of Portugal,—had failed to elicit an expression of satisfaction, was such as to transport him beyond the bounds of decorum. The news being brought to him at night, he sprang from his bed in an ecstasy of joy, and hurrying, in his undress, to the chamber of the Infanta Isabella Eugenia, his favourite daughter, knocked violently at the door, exclaiming, 'Antwerp is ours.'"

Strada adds, that the Spanish ministers congratulated each other that the war was at an end,—and so it soon would probably have been, had not Elizabeth, at the critical moment, sent an auxiliary force to assist the Hollanders. She neutralized the boon, however, by committing her army to the Earl of Leicester, and demanding that the States should invest her unworthy favourite with greater powers than they ever bestowed on any preceding General. It is not generally known that Leicester was the first who gave the perilous example of the interference of the civil power in religious disputations in Holland, and thus prepared the way for the subsequent persecution of the Arminians, one of the darkest stains on Dutch history. He interfered in the controversy about predestination and free will, and had articles of agreement between the rival theologians prepared under his auspices:

"The favourable disposition which he manifested towards the Calvinists, in the terms of this compromise, emboldened them to petition for a national synod, or general assembly of the church. These assemblies had hitherto, with one or two exceptions, been held only after permission asked and obtained of the States of the province where they were summoned. Leicester, however, without consulting either the States of Holland or the States-General, decided, that a synod should be convoked in the month of June of this year. At this meeting, among many other regulations highly offensive to the States, as calculated to raise the clergy into a separate and independent body, it was resolved that a general synod of the province should be held every three years, or oftener, if necessary, without requiring any permission from the government."

The defeat of the Spanish Armada is an event in which the destinies of England and Holland were equally involved. While our Admirals were defeating the armament of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Dutch blockaded the Prince of Parma, and prevented his making a dash on the Thames while the fleets were engaged in the channel:—

"During the whole of the time consumed in that glorious contest, the image of which is fresh and bright in the mind of every English reader, the great commander was kept in a state of helpless inactivity on the shores of Flanders. Justin of Nassau, with thirty-five Holland and Zealand vessels, well armed, and containing, besides their complement of seamen, 1200 skilful musketeers, effectually blockaded the harbours of Dunkirk and Nieuport, so that, not only the ships of Parma were debarr'd from egress, but

the smaller vessels of the Spanish fleet were prevented from entering, to afford them any assistance; the approach of the larger being impossible from the shallowness of the water. The fleet of Parma meanwhile, though infinitely superior in number, yet being equipped for convenience of transport rather than for battle, was scarcely fit to sustain a regular engagement; to which, also, an additional obstacle was found in the ill disposition manifested by the crews. The memory of the old 'Water-gueux,' of whom the rear-admiral in command, Justus le More, was a remnant, had not yet faded away from men's minds; and the terror excited by the Holland and Zealand mariners was so excessive, that all the efforts of Parma were unable to check the desertion among his men, which continued day and night without intermission. In vain, therefore, did the Spanish admiral, having reached the port of Calais, urge him to effect a junction without delay; he could do no more than hurry from place to place in an agony of impatience; at one time offering up bootless vows at the shrine of Notre Dame de Halle; at another giving orders to his troops to embark and set sail at all hazards; and then again countermanning them, as dreading to trust that army on which the hopes of Spain depended, to the mercy of the tempestuous waves and the enemy, who lay in wait for their destruction. Eighteen thousand troops were already on board the vessels at Nieuport, and had been two days eagerly awaiting the signal for departure, when they were ordered to re-land."

Strada mentions a circumstance connected with this enterprise which has escaped the notice of our English historians, and therefore may be worthy of mention. He says that a deserter named Stanley had pointed out to King Philip the necessity of having some harbour where the Spanish navies could rendezvous and refit, recommending the port of Waterford as well suited for the purpose. Had this advice been followed, Ireland would easily have been subdued by the Spaniards, and all its resources made available for the invasion of England. According to Strada, the recommendation was rejected, on account of Philip's impatience to have possession of London.

Having brought down the history of the war to its glorious termination, and the acknowledgment of the independence of the United Provinces by the Spanish government, Mr. Davies enters on the sad history of the religious persecutions which began almost immediately after the happy termination of a war to establish religious freedom. In stating the share which our meddling pedant James I. took in the discussions at the Synod of Dort, we could have wished that the historian had more clearly shown the Calvinistic tendencies of the King; for it is a problem not yet perfectly solved, how James was led to regard Arminianism as a republican system, while his son looked upon it as the surest support of monarchy. The judicial murder of the illustrious Barneveldt, that foulest stain on the character of Prince Maurice, was a result of the bigotry excited by the Calvinistic party; and those who conducted his trial exhibited injustice not surpassed by the Spaniards, whose yoke they had shaken off:—

"Barneveldt was subjected to twenty-three examinations, during which he was neither allowed to take down the questions in writing, to make memoranda of his answers, nor to refer to notes; the interrogatories were not confined to any definite period, but extended over his whole public life, no effort being spared to involve him in those contradictions which, from decay of memory, or confusion of dates, might easily occur. Ledemberg, secretary of the states of Utrecht, was so terrified by the menaces of torture which they used, that, dreading lest he might be forced by such means to make any admission detrimental to his friends, he committed suicide in prison."

The French ambassador made vigorous but vain efforts to save the life of this great statesman; the English ambassador, whose slightest word would have been sufficient, was restrained

from interfering by his instructions. The last scene of Barneveldt's long and patriotic life is thus described:—

"Before he left his prison, Barneveldt wrote his last letter to his family, recommending his servant, John Franken, who had attended him throughout with affectionate fidelity, to their care. He was shortly after led into a lower room of the court-house to hear his sentence. During the reading, he turned round quickly several times, and rose from his seat, as if about to speak. When it was concluded, he observed, that there were many things in it which were not in the examinations; and added, 'I thought the States-General would have been satisfied with my blood, and would have allowed my wife and children to keep what is their own.' 'Your sentence is read,' replied Leonard Vooght, one of the judges, 'away, away.' Leaning on his staff, and with his servant on the other side to support his steps, grown feeble with age, Barneveldt walked composedly to the place of execution, prepared before the great saloon of the court-house. * * Here he was compelled to suffer the last petty indignity that man could heap upon him. Aged and infirm as he was, neither stool nor cushion had been provided to mitigate the sense of bodily weakness as he performed the last duties of mortal life; and kneeling down on the bare boards, he was supported by his servant, while the minister, John Lamotius, delivered a prayer. When prepared for the block, he turned to the spectators, and said, with a loud and firm voice, 'My friends, believe not that I am a traitor. I have lived a good patriot, and such I die.' He then, with his own hands, drew his cap over his eyes, and bidding the executioner 'be quick,' bowed his venerable head to the stroke. The populace, from various feelings, some inspired by hatred, some by affection, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, or carried away morsels of the blood-stained wood and sand; a few were even found to sell these as relics. The body and head were laid in a coffin and buried decently, but with little ceremony, at the court church of the Hague. The States of Holland rendered to his memory that justice which he had been denied while living, by the words in which they recorded his death. After stating the time and manner of it, and his long period of service to his country, the resolution concludes, 'a man of great activity, diligence, memory, and conduct; yea, remarkable in every respect. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall; and may God be merciful to his soul.'"

Mr. Davies takes a more favourable view of the conduct of the Dutch, in what is called the Massacre of Amboyna, than is usual with English writers, and he makes considerable abatements in the praise commonly bestowed upon Blake for his conduct in Cromwell's Dutch war. Neither of these points, however, possesses sufficient importance for us to enter into a minute investigation of them. The chief interest of the volume consists in its graphic account of the war of independence, and, next to that, in the sad example it affords of men "suffering persecution without learning mercy," who had scarcely won religious freedom for themselves when they began to tyrannize over the consciences of others.

The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems. By Thomas Campbell. Moxon.

The Poetry and the History of Wyoming: containing Campbell's Gertrude, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By Washington Irving. New York, Wiley & Putnam.

INTO the 'History of Wyoming' we may hereafter inquire; in the meantime, a Memoir of Thomas Campbell, by Washington Irving, may serve pleasantly as an introduction to a new volume of Poems by Thomas Campbell. This Memoir was, we believe, published long since, and may therefore be known to some of our readers; but we avail ourselves of it all the more readily, because it is not twelve months (No. 707) since we took occasion to record our own opinion both of the poet and the man. Mr. Irving, too, tells us that an American brings some spe-

cial advantages to the consideration of such questions. The causes that operate in Europe, he says, to affect the judgment, do not extend their influences across the Atlantic.

"We are placed, in some degree, in the situation of posterity. The vast ocean that rolls between us, like a space of time, removes us beyond the sphere of personal favour, personal prejudice, or personal familiarity. An European work, therefore, appears before us depending simply on its intrinsic merits. We have no private friendship nor party purpose to serve by magnifying the author's merits; and in sober sadness the humble state of our national literature places us far below any feeling of national rivalry." This is partially true. In America, an author is judged by his works; he is known only by his inspirations. Let us hear, then, what an American has to say of the English poet:—

"Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow on the 27th September, 1777. He was the youngest son of Mr. Alexander Campbell, a merchant of that city, highly spoken of for his amiable manners and unblemished integrity; who united the scholar and the man of business, and amidst the engrossing cares and sordid pursuits of business, cherished an enthusiastic love of literature. It may not be uninteresting to the American reader to know that Mr. Campbell, the poet, had near connexions in this country. His father passed several years of his youth at Falmouth, in Virginia, but returned to Europe before the revolutionary war. His uncle, who had accompanied his father across the Atlantic, remained in Virginia, where his family uniformly maintained a highly respectable station in society. One of his sons was district attorney under the administration of Washington, and was celebrated for his demeanour. He died in 1795. Robert Campbell, a brother of the poet, settled in Virginia, where he married a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry. He died about 1807. The genius of Mr. Campbell showed itself almost in his infancy. At the age of seven he displayed a vivacity of imagination and a vigour of mind surprising in such early youth. He now commenced the study of Latin under the care of the Rev. David Alison, a teacher of distinguished reputation. A strong inclination for poetry was already discernible in him, and it was not more than two years after this that, as we are told, 'he began to try his wings.' None of the first flutterings of his muse, however, have been preserved, but they had their effect in rendering him an object of favour and attention, aided no doubt by his personal beauty, his generous sensibility, and the gentleness and modesty of his deportment. At twelve, he entered the University of Glasgow, and in the following year gained a bursary on Bishop Leighton's foundation, for a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes, which he executed in verse. This triumph was the more honourable from being gained after a hard contest over a rival candidate of nearly twice his age, who was considered one of the best scholars in the University. His second prize-exercise was the translation of a tragedy of Æschylus, likewise in verse, which he gained without opposition, as none of the students would enter the lists with him. He continued seven years in the University, during which time his talents and application were testified by yearly academical prizes. He was particularly successful in his translations from the Greek, in which language he took great delight; and on receiving his last prize for one of these performances, the Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best that had ever been produced in the University. He made equal proficiency in other branches of study, especially in Moral Philosophy; he attended likewise the academical course of Law and Physic, but pursued none of those studies with a view to a profession. On the contrary, the literary passion, we are told, was already so strong with him, that he could not endure the idea of devoting himself to any of the dull and sordid pursuits of busy life. His father, influenced by his own love of literature, indulged those wayward fancies in his son, building fond hopes on his early display of talent. At one time, it is true, a part of the family expressed a wish that he should be fitted for the Church, but this was overruled by the res-

and he was left without further opposition to the impulses of his genius, and the seductions of the muse. After leaving the University, he passed some time among the mountains of Argyleshire, at the seat of Colonel Napier, a descendant of Napier Baron Merchistoun, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. It is suggested that he may have imbibed from this gentleman his taste and knowledge of the military arts, traces of which are to be seen throughout his poems. From Argyleshire he went to Edinburgh, where the reputation he had acquired at the University gained him a favourable reception into the literary and scientific circles of that intellectual city. Among others, he was particularly noticed by Prof. Stewart and Playfair. To the ardour and elevation of mind awakened by such associates may we ascribe, in a great measure, the philosophical spirit and moral sublimity, displayed in his first production, 'The Pleasures of Hope,' written during his residence in Edinburgh, when he was but twenty years of age."

In 1800, Mr. Campbell embarked for Germany, with the intention of residing for some time, and pursuing his studies, at Jena; but, on arriving at Hamburg, he heard that Bavaria had become the seat of war:—

"One moment's sensation," he observes, in a letter to a relation in this country, "the single hope of seeing human nature exhibited in its most dreadful attitude, overturned my past decisions. I got down to the seat of war some weeks before the summer armistice of 1800, and indulged in what you will call the criminal curiosity of witnessing blood and desolation. Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good monks of St. Jacob, to overlook a charge of Klenaw's cavalry upon the French under Grenier, encamped below us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge*, collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours' awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several waggons that were stationed to convey the wounded in spring wagons, were killed in our sight. My love of novelty now gave way to personal fears. I took a carriage in company with an Austrian surgeon back to Landshut, &c. This awful spectacle he has described with all the poet's fire, in his *Battle of Hohenlinden*; a poem which perhaps contains more grandeur and martial sublimity, than is to be found anywhere else in the same compass of English poetry."

Mr. Campbell was at Ratisbon when the city was taken by the French. He expected, naturally, to be detained as a prisoner; on the contrary, he was treated with great kindness, invited to dine at the mess-tables of the different brigades, and a pass was given which allowed him to proceed unmolested through the French army. After this, he visited different parts of Germany, and was plundered on the Tyrol of his books, money, and clothes. In 1801, he returned home—

"After nearly a year's absence, which had been passed much to his satisfaction and improvement, and had stored his mind with grand and awful images. 'I remember,' says he, 'how little I valued the art of painting before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but, in Germany, I would have given anything to have possessed an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were indeed rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific which oversteps the sublime, and I own my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of *spring wagons and hospitals*—but the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten.' On returning to England, he visited London for the first time, where, though unprovided with a single letter of introduction, the celebrity of his writings procured him the immediate notice and attentions of the best society. The following brief sketch which he gives of a literary club in London, will be gratifying to those who have felt an interest in the anecdotes of Addison and his knot of *beaux esprits* at Button's coffee-house, and Johnson and his learned fraternity at the Turk's Head.—'Mackintosh, the Vindictive Gallic, was par-

ticularly attentive to me, and took me with him to his convivial parties at the King of Clubs, a place dedicated to the meetings of the reigning wits of London, and, in fact, a lineal descendant of the Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith society, constituted for literary conversations. The dining-table of these knights of literature was an arena of very keen conversational rivalry, maintained, to be sure, with perfect good-nature, but in which the gladiators contended as hardly as ever the French and Austrians in the scenes I had just witnessed. Much, however, as the wit and erudition of these men pleases an auditor at the first or second visit, this trial of minds becomes at last fatiguing, because it is unnatural and unsatisfactory. Every one of these brilliants goes there to shine; for conversational powers are so much the rage in London, that no reputation is higher than his who exhibits them. Where every one tries to instruct, there is in fact but little instruction: wit, paradox, eccentricity, even absurdity, if delivered rapidly and facetiously, takes priority in these societies of sound reasonings and delicate taste. I have watched sometimes the devious tide of conversation, guided by accidental associations, turning from topic to topic, and satisfactory upon none. What has one learned? has been my general question. The mind, it is true, is electrified and quickened, and the spirit's finely exhilarated, but one grand fault pervades the whole institution; their inquiries are desultory, and all improvements to be reaped must be accidental."

"The recent visit of Mr. Campbell to the continent had increased rather than gratified his desire to travel. He now contemplated another tour, for the purpose of improving himself in the knowledge of foreign languages and foreign manners, in the course of which he intended to visit Italy, and pass some time at Rome. From this plan he was diverted, most probably by an attachment he formed to a Miss Sinclair, a distant relation, whom he married in 1803. This change in his situation naturally put an end to all his wandering propensities, and he established himself at Sydenham, in Kent, near London, where he devoted himself to literature. Not long afterward he received a solid and flattering token of the royal approbation of his poem of the *Pleasures of Hope* in a pension of 200*l*. What made this mark of royal favour the more gratifying was, that it was granted for no political services rendered or expected. Mr. Campbell was not of the court party, but of the constitutional whigs. He has uniformly, both before and since, been independent in his opinions and writings; a sincere and enthusiastic lover of liberty, and advocate for popular rights. Though withdrawn from the busy world in his retirement at Sydenham, yet the genius of Mr. Campbell, like a true brilliant, occasionally flashed upon the public eye in a number of exquisite little poems, which appeared occasionally in the periodical works of the day. Among these were *Hohenlinden* and *Lochiel*, exquisite gems, sufficient of themselves to establish his title to the sacred name of poet: and the *Mariners of England* and the *Battle of the Baltic*, two of the noblest national songs ever written, fraught with sublime imagery and lofty sentiments, and delivered in a gallant swelling vein, that lifts the soul into heroics. In the beginning of 1809, he gave to the public his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, connected with the fortunes of one of our little patriarchal villages on the banks of the Susquehanna, laid desolate by the Indians during our revolutionary war. There is no great scope in the story of this poem, nor any very skillful development of the plan, but it contains passages of exquisite grace and tenderness, and others of spirit and grandeur; and the character of Outalissi is a classic delineation of one of our native savages:—

A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.

What gave this poem especial interest in our eyes at the time of its appearance, and awakened a strong feeling of good-will toward the author, was, that it related to our own country, and was calculated to give a classic charm to some of our own home scenery."

Mr. Irving's sketch terminates somewhat abruptly with merely a general reference to Mr. Campbell's subsequent literary labours. These, however, are sufficiently known in England, and we shall proceed therefore at once to the volume of poems just published.

The story of 'The Pilgrim of Glencoe' is simple and interesting. A way-worn soldier, who

— could vouch the sad romance of wars,
And count the dates of battles by his scars;
For he had served where o'er and o'er again
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain
Of glory—
Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,
Save when he told his life's adventures o'er;
Some tired of these: for terms to him were dear,
Too tactical by far for vulgar ear;
As when he talk'd of rampart and ravine,
And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine—
Put when his theme possess'd him all and whole,
He scorn'd proud puzzling words and warm'd the soul;
Flush'd groups hung on his lips with fond surprise,
That sketch'd old scenes—like pictures to their eyes:—
The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the furthest stretch of sight;
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum—
Till all the field of thundering lines became
Two level and confronted sheets of flame.
Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit
Trode France's gilded lilies underfoot;
He came and kindled—with martial lung
Would chant the very march their trumpets sung.

The old soldier, overtaken by the shadows of night in Cona's vale, seeks shelter, and receives a welcome, at a shepherd's cottage:—

None asked his name,
Nor whither he was bound nor whence he came;
But he was beckon'd to the stranger's seat.

The house was "no common sordid shieling cot," but the abode of simplicity and plenty; and "the Jacobite white rose festoon'd the door." Supper was soon displayed, and the family assembled—the patriarch, his son, and his "son's comely wife."

Old Norman's eye

Was proudly savage ev'n in courtesy.
His sinewy shoulders—each though aged and lean,
Broad as the curl'd Herculean head between,—
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward slanting shaggy brows,
Mark'd the old lion you would dread to rouse.

Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
In raids of red revenge and feudal strife;
Religious duty in revenge he saw,
Proud Honour's right and Nature's honest law.
First in the charge and foremost in pursuit,
Long-breath'd, deep-chested, and in speed of foot
A match for stags—still fletter when the prey
Was man, in persecution's evil day.

Far happier times had moulded Ronald's mind,
By nature too of more sagacious kind.
Containing strife as childishness, he stood
With neighbours on kind terms of neighbourhood,
And whilst his father's anger nought avail'd,
His rational remonstrance never fail'd.
Full skillfully he managed farm and fold,
Wrote, cipher'd, profitably bought and sold;
And, bless'd with pastoral leisure, deeply took
Delight to be inform'd, by speech or book,
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home,
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam.

His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy;
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
He worshipp'd—stern uncompromising truth.
His goddess kinder smiled on him to find
A votary of her light in land so blind;
She bade majestic History unroll
Broad views of public welfare to his soul,
Until he look'd on chann'd feuds and foes
With scorn, as on the wars of kites and crows;
Whilst doubts assail'd him o'er, o'er and o'er again,
If men were made for kings or kings for men.
At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,
He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway.

No blow-pipe ever whiten'd furnace fire,
Quick as these words lit up his father's ire;
Who envied even old Abraham for his faith,
Ordain'd to put his only son to death.

But sense foil'd fury—as the blowing wheel
Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail—
Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,
But, worn himself, comes up harpoon'd at last—
E'en so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length
Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength.
His son's close logic so perplex'd his pate,
Th' old hero rather shunn'd than sought debate;
Exhausting his vocabulary's store
Of oaths and nick names, he could say no more,
But tapp'd his mull, roll'd mutely in his chair,
Or only whistled Killicranky's air.

The travelled guest, the old soldier, Allan Campbell, was cordially welcomed by Ronald. All, indeed, went on smoothly, even with Nor-

man, till Allan began to talk about his kindred and his early life: told how—

In boyhood, long ago,
I roam'd, and loved each pathway of Glencoe;
Trapp'd leverets, pluck'd wild berries on its braes,
And fish'd along its banks long summer days—

and of the feuds that followed; and how, when as a serf, Glenlyon's page, he had taken part in that merciless slaughter which will stand for ever memorable in its infamy, in the page of Scottish story. But he had—

Mourn'd the sin, and reddened for the shame
Of that foul morn (Heaven blot it from the year!)

The sorrowing humanity of the old soldier won no pity from Norman; he rose fierce and indignant—

Wroth that, beneath his roof, a living man
Should boast the swine-blood of the Campbell clan;
He hasten'd to the door—call'd out his son
To follow; walk'd a space, and thus began:—
"You have not, Ronald, at this day to learn
The oath I took beside my father's cairn,
When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born;
Sworn on my dirk—by all that's sacred, sworn
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven—
Blood unforgiveable, and unforgiven;
But never power, since then, have I possess'd
To plant my dagger in a Campbell's breast.
Now, here's a self-accusing partisan,
Steep'd in the slaughter of Macdonald's clan.

Norman was resolved to sacrifice him on the spot, and the utmost Ronald could obtain was a promise to defer the deed until they had further questioned the stranger:—

"Much," said the veteran, "much as I bemoan
That deed, when half a hundred years have flown,
Still on one circumstance I can reflect
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect.
A mother with her child before us flew,
I had the hideous mandate to pursue;
But swift of foot, outspeeding bloodier men,
I chased, o'ertook her in the winding glen,
And show'd her palpitating, where to save
Herself and infant in a secret cave;
Nor left them till I saw that they could mock
Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock."
"Heavens!" Ronald cried, in accents gladly wild,
"That woman was my mother—I the child!"

Our version of this poem is necessarily bald and crude, but may help to give interest to the extracts.

The 'Child and Hind,' which follows, is founded on an occurrence which took place in the neighbourhood of Wiesbaden in 1838. The following description of the scenery in The Deer Park will call up pleasant recollections to some of our readers:—

There, where Elysian meadows smile,
And noble trees upshot,
The wild thyme and the canomile
Smell sweetly at their root;
The aspen quivers nervously,
The oak stands stilly bold—
And climbing bindweed hangs on high
Its bells of beaten gold.

Nor stops the eye till mountains shine
That bound a spacious view,
Beyond the lovely, lovely Rhine,
In visionary blue.

There, monuments of ages dark
Awaken thoughts sublime;
Till, swifter than the steaming bark,
We mount the stream of time.

The ivy there old castles shades
That speak traditions high
Of minstrels—tournaments—crusades,
And mail-clad chivalry.

Many of the minor poems have appeared before. Among them is that pretty fanciful trifle—

Moonlight.

The kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush
Wroth, as if kissing were a sin
Amidst the Argus eyes and din
And tell-tale glare of noon,
Brings but a murmur and a blush,
Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone—never to come back,
When love return'd entranced me so,
That still its pictures move and glow
In the dark chamber of my heart;
Leave not my memory's future track—
I will not let you part.

Twos moonlight, when my earliest love
First on my bosom dropt her head;
A moment then concentrated
The bliss of years, as if the spheres
Their course had faster driven,
And carried Enoch-like above,
A living man to Heaven.

'Tis by the rolling moon we measure,
The date between our nuptial night
And that blest hour which brings to light
The fruit of bliss—the pledge of faith;
When we impress upon the treasure
A father's earliest kiss.

The Moon's the Earth's enamour'd bride;
True to him in her very changes,
To other stars she never ranges;
Though, cross'd by him, sometimes she dips
Her light, in short offended pride,
And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her shewn:
'Tis only when the Moon's above
The fire-fly kindles into love,
And flashes light to show it:
The nightingale salutes her Queen
Of Heaven, her heav'nly poet.

Then ye that love—by moonlight gloom
Meet at my grave, and plight regard.
Oh! could I be the Orpheus bard
Of whom it is reported,
That nightingales sang o'er his tomb,
Whilst lovers came and courted.

'Cora Linn,' too, is among them, and the touching 'Song of the Departing Colonists,' and the following pleasant proof that the old spirit which spoke out in 'The Mariners of England,' is neither dead nor sleeping:—

The Launch of a First-Rate.

England hails thee with emotion,
Mightiest child of naval art,
Heaven resounds thy welcome! Ocean
Takes thee smiling to his heart.

Giant oaks of bold expansion
O'er seven hundred acres fell,
All to build thy noble mansion,
Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded,
Ages long ere we were born,
And our great-grandfathers sounded
Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit
Grandeur from our earth and sky,
Still robust, the native spirit
In your timbers shall not die.

Ship to shine in martial story,
Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path,
Freighted with Britannia's glory
And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee,
Threat'ning havoc to their deck,
When afar they first desecy thee,
Like the coming whirlwind's speck.

Gallant bark! thy pomp and beauty
Storm or battle ne'er shall blunt,
Whilst our tars in pride and duty
Nail thy colours to the mast.

As we began this notice with Washington Irving, so shall we conclude in his words—"Many years since, we hailed the productions of Campbell's muse as 'beaming forth like the pure lights of heaven, among the meteor exhalations and paler fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds;' since that time, many of those meteors and paler fires that dazzled and bewildered the public eye, have fallen to the earth and passed away, and still we find his poems, like the stars, shining on, with undiminished lustre."

Political Philosophy—Principles of Government, —Monarchical Government—Eastern Monarchies. Chapman & Hall.

THIS work is published by the Useful Knowledge Society, and it is intended, therefore, for the special instruction of "the people." So considered, it is another instance of the extreme difficulty with which persons, not of the people, enter into the popular mind, and of the imperfect views they take of its intellectual wants. It would require, one would think, but little reflection, in addressing a class of readers whose time is so generally preoccupied by handicraft and material labour, to conclude that a main excellence (nay, might we not say a *sine qua non*?) is brevity. If a great book is a great evil to the regular student, much more so is it to him who drinks of the stream of knowledge, as the Egyptian dogs are said to drink of the Nile. What then will be thought of a volume containing more than seven hundred closely printed

pages, and that, too, only the first of a series, devoted to teaching the people political philosophy! Readers as we are by profession, the very aspect of the volume filled us with alarm; and we imagine that the most determined book-worm, with a long life of literary leisure before him, would hesitate in attacking it, even though he were himself a subscriber to the Society, and *particeps criminis* in bringing it to light.

This disproportionate expansion of matter is further objectionable, inasmuch as the length of the work is not redeemed by any proportionate clearness; and we rise from the perusal with a strong impression that there are other causes of obscurity, than that which Horace has rendered proverbial:—dare we specify the want of a due consideration of the science itself to be taught, and a consequent absence of order and method in the arrangement of the ideas?

In teaching, (and this more especially applies to popular instruction,) everything depends upon a clear statement of the question—upon a luminous *exposé* of the objects and ends of the things taught; a succinct and clear laying down of first principles, of their connexions and dependencies, and of the difficulties by which they are surrounded. The sentences should, moreover, be short and perspicuous, little loaded with parenthetic matter, or (in the first instance,) with minute distinctions. Further, it is necessary for seizing the attention and developing the intelligence of the uneducated, that each proposition should, as far as possible, arise out of that which has preceded it, so that the mind should be carried from cause to consequence, from the simplest propositions which touch the most closely on the common sense of mankind, up to the most complex specialities of the subject.

The easiest and most accessible notions of political science, are mere corollaries of moral philosophy; and these, again, are consequences of the nature and necessities of the individual man, and of the action and reaction resulting from his intercourse with his species, in their simplest domestic relations. The very right which is claimed for society to good government, to the utmost development of its powers, and to the greatest attainable happiness of all,—is but a consequence of the individual; his disposition to seek what is congenial, and to repel what is abhorrent to his nature. These, as it appears to us, are the propositions which lie at the bottom of political philosophy; and they are, moreover, propositions of which the unlearned possess, or may possess, as clear and comprehensive an idea, as the profoundest philosopher. It is not necessary to proceed further with this train of thought: the reader will easily, from what has been said, collect a sufficient notion of what, in our conception, political philosophy is, and in what manner it should be presented to "the people," in order, that it shall the most easily be converted by them into "useful knowledge." The method adopted by the author, of imparting his instruction, is on the contrary, historical, consisting in an abridged review of individual forms of government, their origin, progress, practical working, and decline.

The present cumbersome volume is, accordingly, occupied in a display of the different modes of monarchy which society has in different countries exhibited; and it will be followed, hereafter, by a similar view of the various aristocracies and democracies that have figured in the records of the world. Setting aside all theoretic considerations, it is, or should be, evident, that this method presupposes a greater degree of historical knowledge than is possessed by the multitude; and the defect on their part, is but ill supplied by the best executed abridgments. The knowledge thus offered is therefore all *inculcated*, and the pupil is

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utterly unprepared to appreciate the force of the arguments derived from it. He sees not the whole of the cause, and therefore must take the consequence on trust. He is a passive hearer, and rises from the lecture unprepared to push independent inquiry into other fields, or to apply his modicum of science to the practical affairs of life. Another, and a grievous defect in the method, is, that the scientific consequences are left to arise, *pro re nata*: principles are discussed as they start up in the course of narration, without necessary connexion,—here a maxim, there an exception, and there again a limitation; which gives to the author, in the apprehension of the pupil, an appearance of saying and unsaying, of asserting and contradicting the same things. It may be objected to us, that in point of fact political philosophy has been thus picked up bit by bit, during a succession of ages, by persons who have consulted history at every step. The author may more especially plead the example of Montesquieu for this mode of illustrating his science by history. But, exclusively of the consideration that Montesquieu, in relying on historic data, still preserved a scientific order (such as it was) in the development of his ideas, that writer (so severely, but so justly criticized by the author before us) might have shown him how liable are the unaided teachings of history to mislead—how imperfectly the past is recorded, and how easily its scanty records may be bent to the service of any theory.

After what we have felt it necessary to observe on the author's mode of treating his subject, it will not, perhaps, appear extraordinary, that the volume should open with a discussion of the ultimate and most abstract question of political science, the right of resistance—that question, indeed which is the summing up and resumption of the whole doctrine! In this practical oversight of the capacities addressed, we trace the influence of the Scotch school of philosophy, and of that metaphysical atmosphere in which the Edinburgh students have lived, from the days of the Humes to those of the Broughams. What, in the name of common sense, do the people know of Locke's book on Government, or of that great man's little opponent, Filmer? what of the social contract, or of passive obedience, beyond the names?

Considered, however, as a mere literary *discoursus*, there is much of wholesome truth in these opening chapters. It is a serviceable, because a just, remark, that the value of the several doctrines broached by the above-mentioned great advocates of contending principles, is wholly independent of the assumptions on which they are based. It is quite true that a social contract never did, and never could exist as a matter of fact; and yet the argument of Locke is, in its conclusion, not the less just. So, too, the sovereignty of Adam may be regarded as "bible-true," without forcing an assent to the arbitrary consequences which Filmer has raised on it. To junior university scholars, who have been taught to defer with unquestioning reverence to these by-gone authorities, such information may be *apropos* enough; but of what use can it be to those who are not possessed of any one of the abstract notions which are bandied about in the discussions to which it alludes; and whose ordinary thoughts are far beyond the philosophy of politics current in the times of the Revolution of 1688?

We have neither space nor inclination to follow the author through the remainder even of these two chapters. The whole matter at issue, it appears to us, lies in a nutshell. If it be expedient that government should subsist, it is expedient that its uses should not be exchanged for abuses; and it is also expedient that the parties who suffer from abuse, should control their governors, or change them, when they

so abuse the powers committed to them. But, says our author, revolution does not necessarily imply improvement,—it may not be wanted, it may not be possible; and an abortive attempt leaves the last state of a people worse than the former. It is expedient, therefore, that the insurgent should know what he is about, and not risk the tranquillity and fortunes of the public, without a reasonable probability of success. This is all true enough in the main; but we think a troop of horse and Her Majesty's Attorney General have already often expounded the text in a way more energetic and perspicuous to one of "the people." The whole is, indeed, a matter of fact which the people well understand,—a necessity independent of morals. The oppressed, when their more or less of patience is exhausted, *will* rebel, as the worm turns on the foot, or the stag butts at the hound: but governments also have their instinct of defence, and *will* shoot and hang the rebel if they can. Now, it would be vastly convenient if these dispositions were subordinate to reason; but the fact is not so—the more severe the oppression, the more passionate and uncalculated the revolt;—the worse too the government, the more vindictive its re-venge: accordingly, opinion rarely follows the sentences of courts; nor is a man's morality tainted by his treason, except on collateral grounds. After all, expediency is no principle, because every case of expediency stands on its own grounds, and must be judged by the individual on his own authority; and when we tell the reader that he must not do what is inexpedient, we tell him nothing that he does not already know, like Falstaff, "upon instinct." On his own impulse, if not utterly blinded by passion, he will not knowingly and wilfully brave inexpediency,—he will not run his own head into a halter; and the whole difficulty arises in the attempt to establish a moral line, where there can be no penal sanction that is not counteracted and stripped of motive by the paramount laws of nature. This is a truth, which ought to be so set down; it is a point upon which governments are more frequently in error than the people; and it would be good for governments to know, that rebellion is a blind animal impulse, uncontrollable by reason, and beyond all restraints of law; for they would then not only be more chary of exciting extreme resistance, but they would also more rigorously abstain from inoculating the people with fanatical prejudices, which, of all causes of rebellion, are the most difficult to foresee, to calculate, and resist.

For those who have leisure to wade through the volume, there are numberless passages *splendidi panni*, of just thought, and of eloquent exposition; and, taken as a whole, the tendency of the work is honest and just. There is also frequent matter to set the practised thinker at work, and to help him forward in his researches after truth; but the author's manner of treating his subject is far too diffuse to admit of illustrative extract.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arbly. Vol. II.
(Second Notice.)

THE year 1783, in this pleasant chronicle, opens with some Opera chat—a rehearsal of Berton's 'Cimene' with a *solo* for Pacchierotti, accompanied by the mandoline,—a notice of "the famous old *dilettante* Mrs. French," and of "the new singer Carnevale,"—all glories faded by Time, who is in nothing more unsparing than in music! The next entry introduces us to Dr. Parr. The "loose morality," as it is called, of the Norwich clergyman—manifested in his laughing promise to absolve her, if she obtained a good end by false pretences—scandalized our journalist,—was it not rather, that he entreated Miss Burney to invite their friend, Mr. Twining,

to come up to town and see Mrs. Siddons? Such a compliment to Mrs. Thrale's "leaden goddess" could not be considered as "sound doctrine." Even the S.S.—"fatiguing" as she was found to be on most occasions, knew how to point a compliment better than the pragmatic author of the Spital sermon, when, *apropos* of some saucy glance of the authoress, she cried, "Oh, how wicked you look!—no need of seeing Mrs. Siddons for expression!"—A few fragments will exhibit some other of Fanny Burney's contemporaries:—

"Dr. Warton made me a most obsequious bow; I had been introduced to him, by Sir Joshua, at Mrs. Cholmondeley's. He is what Dr. Johnson calls a rapturist, and I saw plainly he meant to pour forth much civility into my ears, by his looks, and watching for opportunities to speak to me: I so much, however, dread such attacks, that every time I met his eye, I turned another way, with so frigid a countenance, that he gave up his design. He is a very communicative, gay, and pleasant converser, and enlivened the whole day by his readiness upon all subjects. Mr. Tom Warton, the poetry historiographer, looks unformed in his manners, and awkward in his gestures. He joined not one word in the general talk, and, but for my father, who was his neighbour at dinner, and entered into a *tête-à-tête* conversation with him, he would never have opened his mouth after the removal of the second course."

Then come the Bishop of Winchester and his lady; and a bouquet transferred from the bosom of the Bishop's lady to that of the "little toad," as she called Miss Burney,—who seems to have accepted the title, as one

Wearing a precious jewel in its head!

We have also the names of Jackson of Exeter, of Soame Jenyns, and of Mrs. Buller "the famous Greek scholar"—but little beyond names to lay hold upon. A scrap of dialogue betwixt Mr. Cambridge and Pacchierotti is better worth having. The tuneful Italian had been complaining of "the inconsistent day":—

"This is a climate," said he, "never in the same case for half an hour at a time; it shall be fair, and wet, and dry, and humid, forty times in a morning in the least. I am tired to be so played with, sir, by your climate."—"We have one thing, however, Mr. Pacchierotti," he answered, "which I hope you allow makes some amends, and that is our verdure; in Italy you cannot boast that."—"But it seems to me, sir, to be of no utility; so much ever-green is rather too much for my humble opinion."—"And then your insects, Mr. Pacchierotti; those alone are a most dreadful drawback upon the comfort of your fine climate."—"I must own," said Pacchierotti, "Italy is rather disagreeable for the insects; but is it not better, sir, than an atmosphere so bad as they cannot live in it?"

The next page gives us a glimpse of Mrs. Delany, whose predilection for our authoress was followed by such important results:—

"Mrs. Delany was alone in her drawing-room, which is entirely hung round with pictures of her own painting, and ornaments of her own designing. She came to the door to receive us. She is still tall, though some of her height may be lost: not much, however, for she is remarkably upright. She has no remains of beauty in feature, but in countenance I never but once saw more, and that was in my sweet maternal grandmother. Benevolence, softness, piety, and gentleness are all resident in her face; and the resemblance with which she struck me to my dear grandmother, in her first appearance, grew so much stronger from all that came from her mind, which seems to contain nothing but purity and native humility, that I almost longed to embrace her; and I am sure if I had, the recollection of that saint-like woman would have been so strong that I should never have refrained from crying over her."

We said last week that this volume showed us changes in the magic lantern. The deaths of Daddy Crisp and Dr. Johnson, and the inexplicable marriage of Mrs. Thrale with Piozzi, and its sequel,—a cessation of intercourse with all her old friends,—are here. But rather than talk of

"worms, and bones, and epitaphs," we will give a specimen of the innocent absurdities of one of the *bas bleu coterie*—the obliging and artless Mrs. Vesey. The scene was in that lady's own drawing room:—

"I found, as I wished, no creature but Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock, who lives with her. I soon made my peace, for several delays and excuses I have sent her, as she is excessively good-natured, and then we had near an hour to ourselves. And then, the first person who came,—who do you think it was?—Mr. Cambridge, sen. I leave you to guess whether or not I felt glad; and I leave you, also, to share in my surprise upon finding he was uninvited and unexpected; for Mrs. Vesey looked at him with open surprise. As soon as the salutations were over, Mrs. Vesey, with her usual odd simplicity, asked him what had put him upon calling? 'The desire,' cried he, 'to see you. But what? are there only you three?—nothing but women?' 'Some more are coming,' answered she, 'and some of your friends; so you are in luck.' * * * Lady Spencer brought with her a collection of silver ears, to serve instead of trumpets, to help deafness. They had belonged to the late Lord, and she presented them to Mrs. Vesey, who, with great *naïveté*, began trying them on before us all; and a more ludicrous sight you cannot imagine. Sir William Hamilton followed; and then a coterie was formed at the other side the room, by all the men but young Burke, who would not quit my elbow. Miss E— then came next to me again, and worried me with most uninteresting prising, never allowing me to listen for two minutes following to either Sir William Hamilton or my dear Mr. Cambridge, though they were both relating anecdotes the most entertaining. During this came Mr. George Cambridge. The sight of Mrs. Vesey, rising to receive him with one of her silver ears on, and the recollection of several accounts given me of her wearing them, made me unable to keep my countenance. Mrs. Vesey offered him a chair next to Miss F—; but, while she was moving to make way for him, down dropped her ear. * * * Mr. G. C. was going to speak, when Mrs. Vesey interrupted him, by saying, 'Did you know Mr. Wallace, Mr. Cambridge?' 'No ma'am.' 'It's a very disagreeable thing, I think,' said she, 'when one has just made acquaintance with any body, and likes them, to have them die.'"

And here are two *Walpoleisms*, which we do not remember, and therefore, can by no means pass over:—

"Mr. G. C. told me next a characteristic stroke of Mr. Walpole's. It is the custom, you know, among the Macaronies, to wear two watches, which, it is always observed, never go together: 'So I suppose,' says he, in his final way, 'one is to tell us what o'clock it is, and the other what o'clock it is not.' Another Walpolian, Mr. G. C. told me, upon the Duke de Bouillon, who tries to pass for an Englishman, and calls himself Mr. Godfrey. 'But I think,' says Mr. Walpole, 'he might better take an English title, and call himself the Duke of Mutton Broth.'"

We come now to what will be thought, by many, the most interesting part of the volume, Miss Burney's account of her introduction to royalty. It is needless to premise that the brilliant Streatham set—the Crutchleys and the Cambridges of the earlier journals—are better company than honest King George, or she whom Miss Burney delights to call "sweet Queen Charlotte." How much of the flatness and rapidity of aristocratic life is implied in Her Majesty's complaint to Mrs. Delany, that "she could get no conversation"! How much reason for the monosyllabic answers which so tantalized the royal curiosity, may be found in the small etiquettes which were allowed to stiffen even moments intended to be so unrestrained as the visits to Mrs. Delany! But, not to anticipate, it appears that Queen Charlotte, from motives most honourable to her penetration, conceived the desire of attaching Miss Burney to her person; and commanded, as it were, Mrs. Delany, to bring the novelist into her way. Before this dreaded interview took place—

"They talked of me, she says, a good deal; and

the King asked many questions about me. There is a new play, he told Mrs. Delany, coming out; and it is said to be Miss Burney's!" Mrs. Delany immediately answered that she knew the report must be untrue. "But I hope she is not idle?" cried the King. "I hope she is writing something?" What an opportunity, my dear father, for the speech Mr. Cambridge told you he longed to make—that '*Miss B. had no time to write, for she was always working at her clothes!*' What Mrs. Delany said, I know not; but he afterwards inquired what she thought of my writing a play? 'What,' said he, 'do you wish about it, Mrs. Delany?' Mrs. Delany hesitated, and the Queen then said, 'I wish what I know Mrs. Delany does—that she may not; for though her reputation is so high, her character, by all I hear, is too delicate to suit with writing for the stage.'"

All this outpouring of milk and honey, however, did not reconcile our shy authoress to the possibility of coolly awaiting the honours in store for her. The royal knock, whenever it was heard, drove her into some hiding-place or other; and the illness of the Princess Elizabeth filled the Queen's mind so engrossingly, that it was hoped that 'Cecilia' might be forgotten. Now it is a notorious fact in human affairs, that the more shy the party, the more certain is he to be caught at a disadvantage; and thus fell out Fanny Burney's presentation:—

"After dinner, while Mrs. Delany was left alone, as usual, to take a little rest,—for sleep it seldom proves,—Mr. B. Dewes, his little daughter, Miss Port, and myself, went into the drawing-room. And here, while to pass the time, I was amusing the little girl with teaching her some Christmas games, in which her father and cousin joined, Mrs. Delany came in. We were all in the middle of the room, and in some confusion;—but she had but just come up to us to inquire what was going forwards, and I was disentangling myself from Miss Dewes, to be ready to fly off if any one knocked at the street-door, when the door of the drawing-room was again opened, and a large man, in deep mourning, appeared at it, entering and shutting it himself without speaking. A ghost could not more have scared me, when I discovered, by its glitter on the black, a star! The general disorder had prevented his being seen, except by myself, who was always on the watch, till Miss P—, turning round, exclaimed, 'The King!—Aunt, the King!' O mercy! thought I, that I were but out of the room! which way shall I escape? and how pass him unnoticed? There is but the single door at which he entered, in the room! Every one scamped out of the way: Miss P—, to stand next the door; Mr. Bernard Dewes to a corner opposite it; his little girl clung to me; and Mrs. Delany advanced to meet his Majesty, who, after quietly looking on till she saw him, approached, and inquired how she did. He then spoke to Mr. Bernard, whom he had already met two or three times here. I had now retreated to the wall, and purposed gliding softly, though speedily, out of the room; but before I had taken a single step, the King, in a loud whisper to Mrs. Delany, said, 'is that Miss Burney?'—and on her answering, 'Yes, sir,' he bowed, and with a countenance of the most perfect good humour, came close up to me. A most profound reverence on my part arrested the progress of my intended retreat. 'How long have you been come back, Miss Burney?' 'Two days, sir.' Unluckily he did not hear me, and repeated his question; and whether the second time he heard me or not, I don't know, but he made a little civil inclination of his head, and went back to Mrs. Delany. * * * During his discourse, I stood quietly in the place where he had first spoken to me. His quitting me so soon, and conversing freely and easily with Mrs. Delany, proved so delightful a relief to me, that I no longer wished myself away; and the moment my first panic from the surprise was over, I diverted myself with a thousand ridiculous notions of my own situation. The Christmas games we had been showing Miss Dewes, it seemed as if we were still performing, as none of us thought it proper to move, though our manner of standing reminded one of Puss in the corner. Close to the door was posted Miss P—; opposite her, close to the wainscot, stood Mr. Dewes; at just an equal distance from him, close to a window, stood

myself; Mrs. Delany, though seated, was at the opposite side to Miss P—; and his Majesty kept pretty much in the middle of the room. The little girl, who kept close to me, did not break the order, and I could hardly help expecting to be beckoned, with a puss! puss! puss! to change places with one of my neighbours."

Presently the King betook himself to questioning the journalist. The parentage, education, and introduction of 'Evelina,' was, of course, a subject of his inquiry:—

"I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions;—besides,—to say the truth, his own 'what? what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance. * * * While this was talking over, a violent thunder was made at the door. I was almost certain it was the Queen. Once more I would have given anything to escape; but in vain. I had been informed that nobody ever quitted the royal presence, after having been conversed with, till motioned to withdraw. Miss P—, according to established etiquette on these occasions, opened the door which she stood next, by putting her hand behind her, and slid out, backwards, into the hall, to light the Queen in. The door soon opened again, and her Majesty entered. Immediately seeing the King, she made him a low curtsy, and cried—'Oh, your Majesty is here!' 'Yes,' he cried, 'I ran here, without speaking to anybody.' The Queen had been at the lower Lodge, to see the Princess Elizabeth, as the King had before told us. She then hastened up to Mrs. Delany, with both her hands held out, saying, 'My dear Mrs. Delany, how are you?' Instantly after, I felt her eye on my face. I believe, too, she curtsied to me; but though I saw the bend, I was too near-sighted to be sure it was intended for me. I was hardly ever in a situation more embarrassing; I dared not return what I was not certain I had received, yet considered myself as appearing quite a monster, to stand stiff-necked if really meant. Almost at the same moment, she spoke to Mr. Bernard Dewes, and then nodded to my little clinging girl. I was now really ready to sink, with horrid uncertainty of what I was doing, or what I should do,—when his Majesty, who I fancy saw my distress, most good-humouredly said to the Queen something, but I was too much flurried to remember what, except these words,—'I have been telling Miss Burney.' Relieved from so painful a dilemma, I immediately dropped a curtsy. She made one to me in the same moment, and, with a very smiling countenance, came up to me; but she could not speak, for the King went on talking, eagerly, and very gaily, repeating to her every word I had said during our conversation upon 'Evelina,' its publication, &c. &c. Then he told her of Barrett's wager, saying,—'But she heard of a great many conjectures about the author before it was known, and of Barrett, an admirable thing!—he laid a bet it must be a man, as no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel!' The Queen, laughing a little, exclaimed,—'Oh, that is quite too bad an affront to us!—Don't you think so?' addressing herself to me, with great gentleness of voice and manner."

The King, whose curiosity was only equalled by his love of music, and that only by the exclusiveness of his preferences, tormented Dr. Burney's daughter by catechizing her about her playing. The Queen, more merciful, talked herself:—

"The subject was the last drawing-room, which she had been in town to keep on Thursday, during the dense fog. 'I assure you, ma'am,' cried she to Mrs. Delany, 'it was so dark, there was no seeing anything, and no knowing anybody. And Lady Harcourt could be of no help to tell me who people were, for when it was light she can't see; and now it was dark, I could not see myself. So it was in vain for me to go on in that manner, without knowing which I had spoken to, and which was waiting for me; so I said to Lady Harcourt, 'We had better stop, and stand quite still, for I don't know anybody more than you do. But if we stand still, they will all come up in the end, and we must ask them who they are, and if I have spoken to them yet, or

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not: for it is very odd to do it, but what else can we manage?" Her accent is a little foreign, and very prettily so; and her emphasis has that sort of changeability, which gives an interest to everything she utters. But her language is rather peculiar than foreign. "Besides," added she, with a very significant look, "if we go on here in the dark, maybe I shall push against somebody, or somebody will push against me—which is the more likely to happen!" She then gave an account of some circumstances which attended the darkness, in a manner not only extremely lively, but mixed, at times, with an archness and humour that made it very entertaining. She chiefly addressed herself to Mrs. Delany; and to me, certainly, she would not, separately, have been so communicative; but she contrived, with delicacy, to include me in the little party, by frequently looking at me, and always with an expression that invited my participation in the conversation. And, indeed, though I did not join in words, I shared very openly in the pleasure of her recital. "Well," she continued, "so there was standing by me a man that I could not see in the face; but I saw the twisting of his brow; and I said to Lady Harcourt, 'I am sure that must be nobody but the Duke of Dorset.'—'Dear," she says, "how can you tell that?"—"Only ask," said I; and so it proved he." "Yes," cried the King, "he is pretty well again; he can smile again, now!" It seems his features had appeared to be fixed, or stiffened. It is said, he has been obliged to hold his hand to his mouth, to hide it, ever since his stroke,—which he refuses to acknowledge was paralytic. The Queen looked as if some comic notion had struck her, and, after smiling a little while to herself, said, with a sort of innocent archness, very pleasing, "To be sure, it is very wrong to laugh at such things,—I know that; but yet I could not help thinking, when his mouth was in that way, that it was very lucky that people's happiness did not depend upon his smiles!"

Then, after a few more compliments, her Majesty described a Mr. Webb, who taught the Princesses music, under the disadvantage of so large a nose, that the poor man, conscious of its exuberance, was always trying to hide it behind a nosegay. Shortly afterwards the royal guests took leave:—

"I should mention the etiquette always observed upon his entrance, which, first of all, is to fly off to distant quarters; and next, Miss P—— goes out, walking backwards, for more candles, which she brings in, two at a time, and places upon the tables and piano-forte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his Majesty, upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream, and bread and butter, and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers. When he has taken his tea, she returns to her station, where she waits till he has done, and then takes away his cup, and fetches more. This, it seems, is a ceremony performed, in other places, always by the mistress of the house; but here, neither of their Majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it."

Many subsequent visits are recorded, in which a few *crowned* opinions upon the literature and art of the day came out. The King held with Dr. Parr, and other ill-advised people, in his excessive admiration of Mrs. Siddons.

"From players he went to plays, and complained of the great want of good modern comedies, and of the extreme immorality of most of the old ones. 'And they pretend,' cried he, 'to mend them; but it is not possible. Do you think it is?—what?' 'No, sir, not often, I believe;—the fault, commonly, lies in the very foundation.' 'Yes, or they might mend the mere speeches;—but the characters are all bad, from the beginning to the end.' Then he specified several; but I had read none of them, and consequently could say nothing about the matter;—till, at last, he came to Shakespeare. 'Was there ever,' cried he, 'such stuff as great part of Shakespeare? only one must not say so! But what think you?—What?—Is there not sad stuff? What?—what?' 'Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellencies, that—' 'O!' cried he, laughing good-humouredly, 'I know it is not to be said! but it's true. Only it's Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him.' Then he enumerated many of the characters

and parts of plays that he objected to; and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing, and exclaiming, 'But one should be stoned for saying so!'"

It has been said, that the favourite play of George the Third was Otway's 'Venice Preserved,' and his favourite scenes those now always suppressed. No wonder, then, that Shakespeare appeared "sad stuff" to him. The Queen seems to have been stronger in literature than in drama:—

"Have you read the last edition of Madame de Genlis's *Adèle*?" 'No, ma'am.' 'Well, it is much improved; for the passage, you know, Mrs. Delany, of the untruth, is all altered; fifteen pages are quite new; and she has altered it very prettily. She has sent it to me. She always sends me her works; she did it a long while ago, when I did not know there was such a lady as Madame de Genlis. You have not seen *Adèle*, then?' 'No, ma'am.' 'You would like to see it. But I have it not here. Indeed, I think sometimes I have no books at all, for they are at Kew, or they are in town, and they are here; and I don't know which is which. Is Madame de Genlis about any new work?' 'Yes, ma'am; one which she intends *'pour le peuple.'*—'Ah, that will be a good work. Have you heard of—' (mentioning some German book, of which I forget the name.) 'No, ma'am.' 'O, it will be soon translated; very fine language,—very bad book. They translate all our worst! And they are so improved in language; they write so finely now, even for the most silly books, that it makes one read on, and one cannot help it. O, I am very angry sometimes at that! Do you like the 'Sorrows of Werter'?" 'I—I have not read it, ma'am, only in part.' 'No? Well, I don't know how it is translated, but it is very finely writ in German, and I can't bear it.' 'I am very happy to hear that, for what I did look over made me determine never to read it. It seemed only writ as a deliberate defence of suicide.' 'Yes; and what is worse, it is done by a bad man, for revenge.' She then mentioned, with praise, another book, saying, 'I wish I knew the translator.' 'I wish the translator knew that!' 'O—it is not—I should not like to give my name, for fear I have judged ill: I picked it up on a stall. O, it is amazing what good books there are on stalls.' 'It is amazing to me,' said Mrs. Delany, 'to hear that.' 'Why, I don't pick them up myself; but I have a servant very clever; and if they are not to be had at the booksellers', they are not for me any more than for another.'

We do not recollect anything more whimsically characteristic than this last avowal; and hardly wonder that, in spite of the sense of honour done and honour coming, the humours of such unequal intercourse struck so lively an observer as Miss Burney, in the manner that they appear to have done, from the following passage from her *Journal*, penned for "Hetty's" amusement:

"Directions for coughing, sneezing, or moving before the King and Queen.

"In the first place you must not cough. If you find a cough tickling in your throat, you must arrest it from making any sound; if you find yourself choking with the forbearance, you must choke—but not cough. In the second place, you must not sneeze. If you have a vehement cold, you must take no notice of it; if your nose-membranes feel a great irritation, you must hold your breath; if a sneeze still insists upon making its way, you must oppose it, by keeping your teeth grinding together; if the violence of the repulse breaks some blood-vessel, you must break the blood-vessel—but not sneeze. In the third place, you must not, upon any account, stir either hand or foot. If, by chance, a black pin runs into your head, you must not take it out. If the pain is very great, you must be sure to bear it without wincing; if it brings the tears into your eyes, you must not wipe them off; if they give you a tingling by running down your cheeks, you must look as if nothing was the matter. If the blood should gush from your head, by means of the black pin, you must let it gush; if you are uneasy to think of making such a blurred appearance, you must be uneasy, but you must say nothing about it.

If, however, the agony is very great, you may, privately, bite the inside of your cheek, or of your lips, for a little relief; taking care, meanwhile to do it so cautiously as to make no apparent dent outwardly. And, with that precaution, if you even gnaw a piece out, it will not be minded, only be sure either to swallow it, or commit it to a corner of the inside of your mouth till they are gone—for you must not spit. I have many other directions, but no more paper; I will endeavour, however, to have them ready for you in time. Perhaps, meanwhile, you would be glad to know if I have myself had opportunity to put in practice these receipts?"

These interviews proved so satisfactory to the Queen, that an appointment about her person was presently offered to Miss Burney. The latter seems to have been wisely reluctant, and, not unnaturally, dispirited at a prospect which involved the total sacrifice of an agreeable life, for the sake of position and lucre. With these misgivings, preliminary to her entering upon the duties of her office, the volume closes. We are impatient for the next; but, till we have the journalist's express word to the contrary, cannot but think that she had better have been a trifle more engaging to Mr. Crutchley!

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Practical Treatise on Mineral Waters, &c. Illustrated by Cases, by Sir A. M. Downie, M.D.—This is one of the professional, or semi-professional works with which the press teems, all written for the edification of the Pilgrims to the Brunnen of Germany. These, for the most part, have three great objects—to benefit the writer; to benefit some especial Spa; and, lastly, as far as is compatible with these ends, to benefit the patient. This *mélange* of motive is so certain, that quackery may be said to enter of necessity, more or less, into the concoction of all such works. Judged by such a standard, Sir Alexander's volume may be praised, as a plain and intelligible work. If, perhaps, studiously confined to generals, it is nevertheless sufficiently clear for the purposes of a travelling invalid's *vade mecum*; leaving to the systematic writer, and, above all, to the local medical adviser, the task of conducting his patient through the details of a cure. Above all, it is fair and candid, in not assisting to preserve the chronic invalid in that fool's paradise, in which he loves to luxuriate,—a belief that Spa water can change a constitution totally diseased, or restore old age to the privileges and prerogatives of youth. "Mineral waters," Sir Alexander observes, "are not miraculous in their effects; and an invalid would do well to consider, before he commences the use of them, the amount of benefit which he may reasonably expect. Many who have suffered for years from gout, rheumatism, or some other chronic complaint, expect, that by quaffing a certain quantity of water, and two or three weeks' immersions in a bath, their health is to be perfectly restored." All this is very necessary to be "so set down;" for the neglect of such considerations is the cause of great and heavy disappointments, and of much injustice done to the curative powers of many springs of undoubted efficacy in the treatment of disease.

Sir Henry Morgan, the Buccaneer, by the author of 'Rattlin the Recker,' 3 vols.—'De Mortuis,' &c. Not so, however, of the books they may leave behind them; and we are bound to declare that 'Sir Henry Morgan' would be one of the worst works of the ruffian school, were it not, also, one of the weakest. Its author knew not how to grapple with a biography; and this is a romantic biography rather than a fiction. For the complete tracing of his hero's fiend-like career, he rummaged the British Museum, and there found so many details of buccaneer cruelties "revolting to decency," "which decency forbade him to describe," that the above caveat occurs in almost every chapter, with a nauseous frequency which made us throw the book aside with the indignant question, "Why touch so plague-spotted a subject?" Such portions of Morgan's true history as might be unveiled, are detailed in the most commonplace and uninviting style; and the imaginative additions are totally worthless: on the whole, the novel does not deserve to succeed, and we hope will meet its deserts.

The Renfrewshire Annual, by Mrs. Maxwell, of Bredland and Merksworth, may be described as pretty, in right of some illustrations by Mr. Paton; the engraving of which, however, is hardly worthy of the design—and pretty in possessing some amateur verses,—one partly imitating Shelley, another Mrs. Hemans, &c. The prose is less noticeable; and will not excite much attention out of Renfrewshire.

Cemetery Designs for Tombs and Cenotaphs, by S. Geary, Architect.—There are few subjects in or connected with art, in which worldliness and vulgarity are more apparent or more offensive than our modern sepulchres. The age seems to have lost all feeling of reverence. The silence, the humility of death, teaches no lesson to us. With our ancestors, the monarch, the warrior, the statesman, and the priest, reposed alike in humble supplication, their hands in the attitude of prayer, waiting, as it were, in Christian hope, the promised resurrection. But we moderns never leave the stage of life,—our strife is never over: our marble statesmen are still pouring forth their rounded periods, and "hear, hear, hear," is still sounding in their ears—our warriors, sword in hand, stand ready to meet the great foe himself, and look him sturdily in the face—our bishops cannot put off their lawn sleeves, ridiculous as such gossamer things must appear when presented in solid marble—our judges sit in state, clothed in ermine and in wigs, awaiting, as it were, to pass judgment, not reverently to receive it. Yet, apart from the want of proper feeling displayed in these vigorous activities, surely we must all admit, that the grave is no place for hero worship. These few words are but suggestive; yet we cannot but express the hope that the monuments hereafter erected to our great men, will be set up in some place devoted to that especial purpose. As to the Designs which have suggested these remarks, they are altogether architectural, and, so far as architecture can be expressive, they speak only of ostentatious vulgarity. Good stones are seen and chiselled, and piled up into an infinite variety of ridiculous little cenotaphs; while a single simple block, with the Christian emblem and an inscription, would

be infinitely more expressive and more durable than the best of them.

The Classical Pronunciation of Proper Names, by T. S. Carr.—This is a good guide to the classical student, and not a useless companion to the advanced scholar. Direct authority or obvious analogy is given for the pronunciation of every name.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico, edited by P. Smith, B.A.—Care has been taken in editing a correct text, and the punctuation has received more attention than is usually bestowed on school classics.

MEDICAL WORKS.

The Remote Cause of Epidemic Diseases, by John Parkin.—An attempt to connect this class of diseases—and more especially Cholera, with volcanic action.—Writers of Mr. Parkin's character are generally more efficient in displaying the errors of others, than in establishing their own assumed truths. We agree with him in thinking that the contagious action of cholera—a theory which gave rise to many absurd, and many oppressive practices—is devoid of foundation; but we cannot say that we assent to the proofs on which his own peculiar doctrine reposes. There must be a rigorous reform in the logic of medicine, before the art can redeem itself from an inference, which is far from unpopular;—namely, that in its domain—

Nothing is but thinking makes it so.

The Present State of the Medical Profession in England, by R. E. Grant, M.D.—An oration delivered before the British Medical Association—much too vituperative (not to say libellous) to produce any good effect. Violence and exaggeration are more calculated to suppress, than to illustrate, the truths necessary to be generally appreciated, before any substantial reform can be relished by Parliament.

Observations on Tubercular Consumption, &c., by J. S. Campbell, M.D.—This book having no possible interest for the general reader, and turning on points appreciable only by the profession, it comes not within the design of our medical notices. We abstain, therefore, from criticism, and confine ourselves to a simple announcement of its publication.

Pathology, founded on the Natural System of Anatomy and Physiology, by Alexander Walker.—We might include this little volume in the same category as the preceding, were it not that Mr. Walker's method of teaching his subjects involves much reasoning of a general character, connecting them, not only with natural history, but with philosophy. We do not consider this writer as a model of accurate thinking; but his writings are suggestive.

List of New Books.—The Pulpit, or Voice from the Irish Church, 8vo. 8s. cl.—Robertson's Churchman's Almanac, 18mo. 2s. swd.—Holmes (J. P.) on Consumption, Asthma, &c., 12mo. 5s. bds.—Clifford's Fractional Arithmetic Reviewed and Exemplified, 12mo. 7s. bds.—Hoyle's Games (James), by G. H.—, Esq., 18mo. 3s. cl.—Tindal's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain, Vol. II., 50 illustrations, 4to. 35s. morocco.—Harry Wilson's use of a Box of Colours, illustrated, imperial 8vo. 24s. bds.—First Catechism of Geography, by the Rev. T. Wilson, 18mo. 9d. swd.—Newham's (W.) Reciprocal Influence of the Body and Mind considered, 8vo. 14s. cl.—The Deserter, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The Museum, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The Orphans of Glenbride, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Payne's (Dr.) Elements of Mental and Moral Science, 8vo. 8s. cl.—Homer's Iliad, Greece, by T. S. Brandreth, 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. cl.—Sir W. Scott's Life of Napoleon, 1 vol. royal 8vo. 20s. cl.—Sir W. Scott's Prose Works, Vol. II., royal 8vo. 20s. cl.—King's College Magazine, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—M'Combie on Moral Agency, &c. 4s. cl.—Glimpses of the Past, with cuts, new edit. 6s. cl.—Dr. Carpenter's Human Physiology, 8vo. 20s. cl.—Dr. Row on Nervous Diseases, new edit. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Campbell's Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems, 8vo. 7s. swd.—Johnston's British Sponges, 8vo. 30s. cl.—Donation on Manures, &c., with cuts, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Le Nouveau Trésor, or French Student's Companion, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—London Legends, by Paul Pindar, Gent., 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, 1842, corrected to the present time, royal 8vo. 12s. cl.—Smith's Leading Cases, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 21s. 6d. bds.—A Manual of the Steam Engine, by R. D. Hoblyn, 6s. cl.—The Two Admirals, a Tale of the Sea, by J. F. Cooper, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Airy's Mathematical Tracts, new edit. 8vo. 13s. bds.—The Slave States of America, by J. S. Buckingham, 2 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl.—Four Discourses on the Sacrifice of Christ, by Dr. Pye Smith, new edit. 6s. cl.—Missionary, their Authority, Scope, and Encouragement, by the Rev. R. W. Hamilton, 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—The Office and Work of the Holy Spirit, by the Rev. J. Buchanan, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Whately on the Kingdom of Christ, 2nd edit. 8vo. 8s. cl.—Doane's (Bishop) Whole Works (to be completed in 12 vols.), Vol. II., 8vo. 12s. cl.—Theodora, a Treatise on Divine Praise, by N. Rowton, 12mo. 4s.—Hone (Rev. J. F.) on the Epistles, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Bishop Short's Parochialia, &c. 4s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for FEBRUARY, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1842.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			External Thermometers.				Rain in inches, Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.		
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Fahrenheit.		Self-registering						
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		9 A.M.	3 P.M.		Lowest				Highest	
FEB.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Att. Ther.	Dew Point at 9 A.M., deg. Fahr.	Dir. of Wet and Dry Bulb Ther.	9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest	Highest			
T 1	30.140	30.131	42.3	30.156	30.148	43.7	42	02.5	39.5	45.3	37.8	47.0	.166	W	Fine—lt. clouds and wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—lt. fog.
W 2	30.198	30.190	42.8	30.202	30.196	41.8	38	02.5	41.7	48.7	38.0	45.7		SW	A.M. Light fog & wind. P.M. Cloudy—lt. wind. Ev. Over—lt. fog.
T 3	30.436	30.428	45.5	30.432	30.424	46.0	41	02.3	43.8	45.4	41.7	49.2		NW	A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Cloudy—lt. wind. Ev. The like.
F 4	30.480	30.472	45.3	30.424	30.416	45.0	40	02.2	39.8	36.3	40.3	46.3		NE	A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Ev. Evening, Overcast—light fog.
S 5	30.286	30.278	40.7	30.204	30.196	40.6	35	02.3	35.7	35.7	33.3	40.0		ENE	A.M. Cloudy—light wind—sharp frost. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and starlight—frosty.
⊙ 6	30.118	30.110	37.8	29.996	29.990	39.0	29	02.9	32.8	37.6	32.0	35.7		E	Lightly cloudy—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight—light fog. (Ev. Overcast.)
M 7	29.724	29.716	36.8	29.722	29.714	38.6	33	01.4	35.2	38.5	33.0	37.6	.033	ENE	A.M. Overcast—light rain—snow and fog. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
T 8	29.828	29.820	38.0	29.812	29.804	39.0	33	01.1	34.8	43.7	33.0	40.6	.094	NE	Overcast—light rain and wind throughout the day. Ev. Light fog.
W 9	29.812	29.804	40.9	29.744	29.736	42.7	38	01.2	40.8	48.3	35.2	45.0	.063	S	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast.
○ T10	29.946	29.938	43.8	30.000	29.992	45.8	41	01.4	45.7	49.8	41.2	49.0		S	Cloudy—light wind throughout the day. Ev. Cloudy—brisk wind.
F11	30.026	30.018	48.0	30.022	30.014	50.0	46	02.3	47.3	51.4	45.8	50.3		S	Cloudy—high wind throughout the day. Ev. Overcast—light rain—high wind.
S12	30.072	30.064	49.5	30.040	30.032	51.0	46	02.0	50.2	51.3	47.4	52.2	.094	S	A.M. Dark heavy clouds—high wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain—high wind. Evening, Overcast.
⊙ S13	30.220	30.214	49.0	30.056	30.050	50.0	43	00.5	44.2	50.2	42.5	53.0	.009	SSE	A.M. Overcast—light fog and wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain—high wind. Evening, Fine and starlight.
M14	30.456	30.448	46.2	30.492	30.486	47.8	41	02.2	40.3	49.2	38.5	50.7	.061	W	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.
T15	30.500	30.492	47.6	30.478	30.470	49.6	44	02.8	46.8	51.2	40.3	49.7		S	A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and starlight.
W16	30.546	30.538	47.2	30.518	30.510	48.2	43	02.0	46.3	48.7	44.8	51.6		W	Cloudy—light wind throughout the day. Evening, The like.
T17	30.410	30.402	47.2	30.330	30.322	48.6	43	01.9	44.3	47.3	43.7	49.2		S	A.M. Light fog and wind. P.M. Overcast—light wind. Evening, Fine and starlight.
F18	30.374	30.366	41.8	30.370	30.362	45.5	38	02.8	36.8	43.6	36.0	48.2		S	A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds. Ev. Thick fog.
S19	30.402	30.394	42.4	30.304	30.296	44.2	39	01.8	34.7	43.3	33.3	43.7		SW	A.M. Thick fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Ev. Starlight—light fog.
⊙ 20	30.054	30.046	42.2	29.966	29.958	42.0	37	02.0	35.3	36.3	35.0	45.0		S	A.M. Overcast—very slight rain. P.M. Overcast—light wind. Evening, The like.
M21	29.782	29.776	41.2	29.690	29.684	43.3	36	02.4	39.7	46.7	35.0	40.0		SE	A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain. Ev. The like.
T22	29.756	29.750	42.4	29.676	29.670	46.0	39	02.0	41.8	48.2	38.8	47.8	.161	E	A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast.
W23	29.444	29.436	41.9	29.304	29.300	47.2	42	02.7	44.8	48.4	42.0	48.8		SSE	A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds & wind. Evening, Overcast—light rain.
T24	29.152	29.148	46.3	29.114	29.110	48.4	41	02.3	41.9	47.7	41.8	49.5	.039	S	Cloudy—light wind throughout the day. Evening, The like.
● F25	29.216	29.208	46.0	29.310	29.304	47.0	41	02.0	39.3	44.3	36.3	48.0	.130	W	A.M. Cloudy—light wind and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds, with showers. Evening, Fine and moonlight.
S26	29.400	29.392	42.6	29.466	29.460	44.6	36	02.6	39.2	45.7	35.0	45.3	.052	SE	A.M. Cloudy—light wind—rain early. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, Fine and moonlight.
⊙ 27	29.550	29.544	42.3	29.380	29.374	43.2	36	02.9	40.5	42.6	35.2	46.0	.133	S	Overcast—light rain—brisk wind nearly the whole of the day. (Ev. A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Evening, Light rain—high wind.)
M28	29.622	29.616	42.5	29.636	29.630	45.4	38	02.6	41.7	47.7	39.0	43.6	.291	S	Sum.
MEAN.	29.998	29.991	43.8	29.958	29.952	45.3	39	02.1	40.9	45.5	38.4	46.4	1.346		Mean Barometer corrected { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 29.961 .. 29.917 29.952 .. 29.910

Note.—The daily observations are recorded just as they are read off from the scale, without the application of any correction whatever.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GREEK CHRISTIAN POETS.
(Continued from p. 212.)

SYNESIUS, of Cyrene, learnt Plato's philosophy so well of Hypatia of Alexandria at the commencement of the fifth century, or rather before, that, to the obvious honour of that fair and learned teacher he never, as bishop of Ptolemais, could attain to unlearning it. He did not wish to be bishop of Ptolemais; he had divers objections to the throne and the domination. He loved his dogs, he loved his wife; he loved Hypatia and Plato as well as he loved truth; and he loved beyond all things, under the womanly instruction of the former, to have his own way. He was a poet, too; the chief poet, we do not hesitate to record our opinion,—the chief, for true and natural gifts, of all our Greek Christian poets; and it was his choice to pray lyrically between the dew and the cloud rather than preach dogmatically between the doxies. If Gregory shrank from the episcopal office through a meek self-distrust and a yearning for solitude, Synesius repulsed the invitation to it through an impatience of control over heart and life, and for the earnest joy's sake of thinking out his own thought in the hunting-grounds, with no deacon or disciple astuter than his dog to watch the thought in his face, and trace it backward or forward, as the case might be, into something more or less than what was orthodox. Therefore he, a man of many and wandering thoughts, refused the bishopric,—not weeping, indeed, as Gregory did, nor feigning madness with another of the "nolentes episcopari" of that earnest period,—but with a sturdy enunciation of resolve, more likely to be effectual, of keeping his wife by his side as long as he lived, and of doubting as long as he pleased to doubt upon the resurrection of the body. But Synesius was a man of genius, and of all such true energies as are taken for granted in the name; and the very sullenness of his "nay" being expressive to grave judges of the faithfulness of his "yea and amen," he was considered too noble a man not to be made a bishop of in his own despite and on his own terms. The fact proves the latitude of discipline, and even of doctrine, permitted to the churches of that age; and it does not appear that the church at Ptolemais suffered any wrong as its result, seeing that Synesius, recovering from the shock militant of his ordination, in the course of which his ecclesiastical friends had "laid hands upon him" in the roughest sense of the word, performed his new duties willingly,—was no sporting bishop otherwise than as a "fisher of men"—sent his bow to the dogs, and his dogs to Jericho, that nearest Coventry to Ptolemais, silencing his "staunch hound's authentic voice" as soon as ever any importance became attached to the authenticity of his own. And if, according to the bond, he retained his wife and his Platonisms, we may honour him by the inference, that he did so for conscience sake still more than love's,—since the love was inoperative in other matters. For spiritual fervour and exaltation, he has honour among men and angels; and however intent upon spiritualizing away the most glorified material body from "the heaven of his invention," he held fast and earnestly, as any body's clenched hand could an horn of the altar, the Homousion doctrine of the Christian heaven, and other chief doctrines emphasizing the divine sacrifice. But this poet has a higher place among poets than this bishop among bishops; the highest, we must repeat our conviction, of all yet named or to be named by us as "Greek Christian poets." Little, indeed, of his poetry has reached us, but this little is great in a nobler sense than that of quantity; and when of his odes, macreontic for the most part, we cannot say praisefully that "they smell of Anacreon" it is because their fragrance is holier and more abiding,—it is because the human soul burning in the censor, effuses from our spiritual perceptions the altar of a thousand rose trees whose roots are in Teos. These odes have, in fact, a wonderful rapture and ecstasy. And if we find in them the phraseology of Plato or Plotinus, for he learnt lovingly to the later Platonists,—may, if we find in them oblique references to the outworn mythology of paganism, even so have we beheld the mixed multitude of unconnected notes wheeling, rising in a great sunshine, as the sunshine were a motive energy,—and even so the burning, adoring poet-spirit sweeps upward the notes of world-fancies (as if being in the world their tendency was God-

ward) upward in a strong stream of sunny light, while she rushes into the presence of "The Alone." We say the *spirit* significantly in speaking of this poet's aspiration. His is an ecstasy of abstract intellect, of pure spirit, cold though impetuous; the heart does not beat in it, nor is the human voice heard; the poet is true to the heresy of the ecclesiastic, and there is no resurrection of the body. We shall attempt a translation of the ninth ode, closer if less graceful and polished than Mr. Boyd's, helping our hand to courage by the persuasion that the genius of its poetry must look through the thickest blanket of our dark.

Well-beloved and glory-laden,
Born of Solyma's pure maiden!
I would hymn thee, blessed Warden,
Driving from thy Father's garden
Blinking serpent's crafty lust,
With his bruised head in the dust!
Down thou camest, low as earth;
Bound to those of mortal-birth;
Down thou camest, low as hell,
Where shepherd Dogs did tend and keep
A thousand nations like to sheep.
While weak with age old Hades fell
Shivering through his dark to view thee,
And the Dog did backward yell
With jaws all gory to let through thee!
So redeeming from their pain,
Choirs of disembodied ones,
Thou didst lead whom thou didst gather,
Upward in ascent again.
With a great hymn to the Father,
Upward to the pure white thrones!
King, the demon tribes of air
Shuddered back to feel thee there!
And the holy stars stood breathless,
Trembling in their chorus deathless;
A low laughter filled ether—
Harmony's most subtle sire
From the seven strings of his lyre,
Struck a measured music hither—
To pean! victory!
Smiled the star of morning—he
Who smilith to foreshow the day!
Smiled Hesperus the golden,
Who smilith soft for Venus gay!
While that horned glory holden
Brinful from the fount of fire,
The white moon, was leading higher
In a gentle pasturage
All the nightly deities!
Yea, and Titan threw abroad
The far shining of his hair
'Neath thy footsteps holy-fair,
Owning thee the Son of God!
The Mind artificer of all,
And his own fire's original!

And Thou upon thy wing of will
Mounting,—thy God-foot upthill
The neck of the blue firmament;
Soaring, didst night content
Where the spirit-spheres were singing,
And the fount of good was springing,
In the silent heaven!
Where Time is not with his tide
Ever running, never weary,
Drawing earth-born things aside
Against the rocks; nor yet are given
The phantoms death-bold that ride the dreary
Tost matter-depths. Eternity
Assumes the place which they yield!
Not aged, howsoever she held
Her crown from everlastingly—
At once of youth, at once of old,
While in that mansion which is hers,
To God and gods she ministers!

How the poet rises in his "singing clothes" embrodered all over with the myths and the philosophy! Yet his eye is to the Throne: and we must not call him half a heathen by reason of a Platonic idiosyncrasy, seeing that the *esoteric* of the most suspicious turnings of his phraseology, is "Glory to the true God." For another ode Paris should be here to choose it,—we are puzzled among the beautiful. Here is one with a thought in it from Gregory's prose, which belongs to Synesius by right of conquest:—

O my deathless. O my blessed,
Maid-born, glorious son confessed,
O my Christ of Solyma!
I who earliest learnt to play
This measure for thee, fain would bring
Its new sweet tune to etern-string—
Be propitious, O my King!
Take this music which is mine
Anthem'd from the songs divine!
We will sing thee deathless One,
God himself, and God's great Son—
Of sire of endless generations,
Son of manifold creations!
Nature mutually ended,
Wisdom in infinitude!
God, before the angels burning—
Corpses, among the mortals mourning!
What time Thou wert poured mild
From an earthly vase defiled,
Magi with fair arts besprent,

At thy new star's orient,
Trembled inly, wondered wild,
Questioned with their thoughts abroad—
"What then is the new-born child?
Who the hidden God?"
God, or corpse, or king?
Bring your gifts, oh hither bring
Myrrh for rite,—for tribute, gold—
Frankincense for sacrifice!
God! thine incense take and hold!
King! I bring thee gold of price!
Myrrh with tomb will harmonize!

For Thou, entombed, hast purified
Earthly ground and rolling tide,
And the path of demon nations,
And the free air's fluctuations,
And the depth below the deep!
Thou God, helper of the dead,
Low as Hades didst thou tread!
Thou King, gracious aspect keep!
Take this music which is mine
Anthem'd from the songs divine.

Eudocia—in the twenty-first year of the fifth century—wife of Theodosius, and empress of the world, thought good to extend her sceptre—

(Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina!)

over Homer's poems, and cento-ize them into an epic on the Saviour's life. She was the third fair woman accused of sacrificing a world for an apple, having moved her husband to wrath, by giving away his imperial gift of a large one to her own philosophic friend Paulinus; and being unhappily more learned than her two predecessors in the sin, in the course of her exile to Jerusalem, she took ghostly comfort, by separating Homer's *εὐδωλον* from his *φρίγιν*. There she sate among the ruins of the holy city, addressing herself most unholily, with whatever good intentions and delicate fingers, to pulling Homer's gold to pieces bit by bit, even as the ladies of France devoted what remained to them of virtuous energy "pour parlier" under the benignant gaze of Louis Quinze. She, too, who had no right of the purple to literary ineptitude,—she, born no empress of Rome, but daughter of Leontius the Athenian, what had she to do with Homer, "parlant"? Was it not enough for Homer that he was turned once, like her own cast imperial mantle, by Apollinarius into a Jewish epic, but that he must be unpicked again by Eudocia for a Christian epic? The reader, who has heard enough of centos, will not care to hear how she did it. That she did it was too much; and the deed recoiled. For mark the poetical justice of her destiny; let all readers mark it; and all writers, especially female writers, who may be half as learned, and not half as fair,—that although she wrote many poems, one "on the Persian war," whose title and merit are recorded, not one, except this cento, has survived. The obliterative sponge, we hear of in Æschylus, has washed out every verse except this cento's "damned spot." This remains. This is called Eudocia! this stands for the daughter of Leontius, and this only in the world! O fair mischief! she is punished by her hand.

And yet, are we born critics any more than she was born an empress, that we should not have a heart? and is our heart stone, that it should not wax soft within us while the vision is stirred "between our eyelids and our eyes," of this beautiful Athenais, baptized once by Christian waters, and once by human tears, into Eudocia, the imperial mourner?—this learned pupil of a learned father, crowned once by her golden hair, and once by her golden crown, yet praised more for poetry and learning than for beauty and greatness by such grave writers as Socrates and Evagrius, the ecclesiastical historians?—this world's empress, pale with the purple of her palaces, an exile even on the throne from her Athens, and soon twice an exile, from father's grave and husband's bosom? We relent before such a vision. And what if, reluctantly, we declare her innocent of the Homeric cento?—what if we find her "a whipping boy" to take the blame?—what if we write down a certain Proba "improba," and bid her bear it? For Eudocia having been once a mark to slander, may have been so again; and Falconia Proba having committed centoism upon Virgil, must have been capable of anything. The Homeric cento has been actually attributed to her by certain critics, with whom we would join in all earnestness our most sour voices, gladly, for Eudocia's sake, who is closely dear to us, and not malignly for Proba's, who was "improba" without our help. So shall we impute evil to only

one woman, and she not an Athenian; while our worst wish, even to her, assumes this innoxious shape, that she had used a distaff rather than a stylus, though herself and the yet more "Sleeping Beauty" had owned one horseshoe between them! Amen to our wish! A busy distaff and a sound sleep to Proba!

And now, that golden-haired, golden-crowned daughter of Leontius, for whom neither the much learning nor the much sorrow drove Hesperus from her sovran eyes... let her pass on unblenched. Be it said of her, softly as she goes, by all gentle readers—"She is innocent, whether for centos or for apples! She wrote only such Christian Greek poems as Christians and poets might rejoice to read, but which perished with her beauty, as being of one seed with it."

Midway in the sixth century we encounter Paul Silentiarius, called so in virtue of the office held by him in the court of Justinian, and chiefly esteemed for his descriptive poem on the Byzantine church of St. Sophia, which, after the Arian conflagration, was rebuilt gorgeously by the emperor. This church was not dedicated to a female saint, according to the supposition of many persons, but to the second person of the Trinity, the *αγία σοφία*—holy wisdom; while the poem being recited in the imperial presence, and the poet's gaze often forgetting to rise higher than the imperial smile, Paul Silentiarius dwelt less on the divine dedication and the spiritual uses of the place, than on the glory of the dedicatrix and the beauty of the structure. We hesitate, moreover, to grant to his poem the praise which has been freely granted to it by more capable critics, of its power to realize this beauty of structure to the eyes of the reader. It is highly elaborate and artistic; but the elaboration and art appear to us architectural far more than picturesque. There is no sequence, no congruity, no keeping, no light and shade. The description has reference to the working as well as to the work, to the materials as well as to the working. The eyes of the reader are suffered to approach the whole only in analysis, or rather in analysis analyzed. Every part, part by part, is recounted to him excellently well... is brought close till he may touch it with his eyelashes—but when he seeks for the general effect, it is in pieces... there is none of it. Byron shows him more in the passing words.

I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass 'til the sun.

than Silentiarius in all his poem. Yet the poem has abundant merit in diction and harmony; and besides higher noblenesses, the pauses are modulated with an artfulness not commonly attained by these later Greeks, and the ear exults in an unaccustomed rhythmic pomp which the inward critical sense is inclined to murmur at, as an expletive verbosity.

Whoever looketh with a mortal eye
To heaven's embazoned forms, not steadfastly
With unthought neck can bear to measure
That meadow-round of star-apparelled pleasure,
But drops his eyelids to the verdant hill,
Yearning to see the river run at will,
With flowers on each side,—and the ripening corn,
And grove thick set with trees, and flocks at morn
Leaping against the dew,—and olives twined,
And green vine-branches trailing inclined,—
And the blue calumness skimmed by dripping oar
Along the Golden Horn.

But if he bring
His foot across this threshold, never more
Would he withdraw it; fain, with wandering
Moist eyes, and ever-turning head, to stay,
Since all satiety is driven away
Beyond the noble structure. Such a fane
Of blameless beauty hath our Caesar raised
By God's perspective grace, and not in vain!
O emperor, these labours we have praised,
Draw down the glorious Christ's perpetual smile:
For thou, the high-peaked Ossa didst not pile
Upon Olympus' head, nor Pelion throw
Upon the neck of Ossa, opening so
The ether to the steps of mortals! no!
Having achieved a work more high than hope,
Thou dost not need these mountains as a slope
Whereby to scale the heaven! Wings take thee thither
From purest piety to highest aether.

The following passage, from the same "Description," is hard to turn into English, through the accumulative riches of the epithets. Greek words atone for their vain-glorious redundancy by their beauty, but we cannot think so of these our own pebbles.

Who will unclose me Homer's sounding lips,
And sing the marble mead that dore-sweeps
The mighty walls and pavements spread around,
Of this tall temple, which the sun has crowned?
The hammer with its iron tooth was loosed
Into Carytus' summit green, and bruised

The Phrygian shoulder of the dædal stone;—
This marble, coloured after roses fused
In a white air, and that, with flowers thereon
Both purple and silver, shining tenderly!
And that which in the broad fair Nile sank low
The barges to their edge, the porphyry's glow
Sown thick with little stars! and thou may'st see
The green stone of Laconia glitter free!
And all the Carian hill's deep bosom brings,
Streaked bow-wise, with a livid white and red,—
And all the Lydian chasm keeps covered,—
A hucless blossom with a ruddier one
Soft mingled! all besides, the Libyan sun
Warms with his golden splendour, till he make
A golden yellow glory for his sake,
Along the roots of the Maurasian height!
And all the Celtic mountains give to sight
From crystal clefts: black marbles dappled fair
With milky distillations here and there!
And all the onyx yields in metal-shine
Of precious greenness!—all that land of thine,
Ætolia, hath on even plains engendered
But not on mountain-tops,—a marble rendered
Here high to green, of tints which emeralds use,
Here with a sombre purple in the hues!
Some marbles are like new drop snow, and some
Alight with blackness!—Beauty's rays have come,
So congregate, beneath this holy dome!

And thus the poet takes us away from the church and dashes our senses and admirations down these marble quarries! Yet it is right for us to admit the miracle of a poem made out of stones! and when he spoke of unclosing Homer's lips on such a subject, he was probably thinking of Homer's ships, and meant to intimate that one catalogue was as good for him as another.

John Geometra arose in no propitious orient probably with the seventh century, although the time of his "elevation" appears to be uncertain within a hundred years.

He riseth slowly, as his sullen ear
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung on it.

Plato, refusing his divine fellowship to any one who was not a geometrician or who was a poet, might have kissed our Joannes, who was not divine, upon both cheeks, in virtue of his other name and in vice of his verses. He was the author of certain hymns to the Virgin Mary, as accumulative of epithets and admirations as ten of her litanies, inclusive of a pious compliment, which, however geometrically exact in its proportions, sounds strangely.

O health to thee! new living ear of the sky
Afire on the wheels of four virtues at once!
O health to thee! Seat, than the cherubs more high,
More pure than the seraphs, more broad than the thrones.

Towards the close of the last hymn, the exhausted poet empties back something of the ascription into his own lap, by a remarkable "mihî quæso."

O health to me, royal one! if there belong
Any grace to my singing, that grace is from thee.
O health to me, royal one! if in my song
Thou hast pleasure... oh, thine is the grace of the glee!

We may mark the time of George Pisida, about thirty years deep in the seventh century. He has been confounded with the rhetorical archbishop of Nicomedia, but held the office of *scavophylax*, only lower than the highest, in the metropolitan church of St. Sophia, and was a poet, singing half in the church and half in the court, and considerably nearer to the feet of the Emperor Heraclius than can please us in any measure. Hoping all things, however, in our poetical charity, we are willing to hope even this,—that the man whom Heraclius carried about with him as a singing man when he went to fight the Persians, and who sang and recited accordingly, and provided notes of admiration for all the imperial notes of interrogation, and gave his admiring poems the appropriate and suggestive name of *acroestes*—auscultations,—things intended to be heard, might nevertheless love Heraclius the fighting man, not slave-wise, or flatterer-wise, but man-wise or dog-wise, in good truth, and up to the brim of his praise; and so hoping, we do not dash the praise down as a libation to the infernal task-masters. Still it is an impotent conclusion to a free-hearted poet's musing on the "Six days' work," to wish God's creation under the sceptre of his particular friend! It looks as if the particular friend had an ear like Dionysius, and the poet—ah! the poet!—a mark as of a chain upon his brow in the shadow of his court laurel.

We shall not revive the question agitated among his contemporaries, whether Euripides or George Pisida wrote the best iambs; but that our George knew the secret of beauty, and that, having noble thoughts, he could utter them nobly, is clear, despite of Heraclius. That he is, besides, unequal; often

coldly perplexed when he means to be ingenious, only violent when he seeks to be inspired; that he premeditates ecstasies, and is inclined to the attitudes of the orators; in brief, that he not only and not seldom sleeps but *anores*—are facts as true of him as the praise is. His *Hexæmeteron*, to which we referred as his chief work, is rather a meditation or rhythmical speech upon the finished creation, than a retrospection of the six days,—and also there is more of Plato in it than of Moses. It has many fine things, and whole passages of no ordinary eloquence, though difficult to separate and select.

Whatever eyes seek God to view his Light,
As far as they behold him close in night!
Whoever searcheth with insatiate balls
Th' abyssal glare, or gazeth on Heaven's walls
Against the fire-disk of the sun, the same
According to the vision he may claim,
Is dazzled from his sense. What soul of flame
Is called sufficient to view onward thus!
The way whereby the sun's light came to us!
O distant Presence in fixed motion! Known
To all men, and inscrutable to one:
Perceived—uncomprehended! unexplained
To all the spirits, yet by each attained,
Because its God-sight is thy work! O Presence,
Whatever holy greatness of thine essence
Lie virtue-hidden—thou hast given our eyes
The vision of thy plastic energies;—
Not shown in angels only (those create
All fiery-hearted, in a mystic state
Of bodiless body,) but if order be
Of nature more sublime than that they or we,
In highest Heaven, or medial ether, where
This world now seen, or one that came before
Or one to come,—quick in Thy purpose—there!
Working in fire and water, earth and air—
In every tuncful star, and tree, and bird—
In all the swimming, creeping life unheard,
In all green herbs, and chief of all, in MAN.

There are other poems of inferior length, 'On the Persian War,' in three books, or, alas, "auscultations"—'The Heracliad,' again on the Persian War, and in two (of course) auscultations again,—'Against Severus,' 'On the Vanity of Life,' 'The War of the Huns,' and others. From the 'Vanity of Life,' which has much beauty and force, we shall take a last specimen:—

Some yearn to rule the state, to sit above,
And touch the cares of hate as near as love—
Some their own reason for tribunal take,
And for all thrones the humblest prayers they make!
Some love the orator's vain-glourious art,—
The wise love silence and the hush of heart,—
Some to ambition's spirit-curse are fain,
That golden apple with a bloody stain:
While some do battle in her face (more fire
Of noble ends) and conquer strife with strife!
And while your groaning tables gladden these,
Satiety's quick chariot to disease,
Hunger the wise man helps, to water, bread,
And light wings to the dreams about his head.

The truth becomes presently obvious, that—
The sage o'er all the world his sceptre waves,
And earth is common ground to thrones and graves.

John Damascenus, to whom we should not give by any private impulse of admiration, the title of Chrysorrhoeas, according to him by his times, lived at Damascus, his native city, early in the eighth century, holding an unsheathed sword of controversy until the point drew down the lightning. He retired before the affront rather than the injury; and in company with his beloved friend and fellow poet, Cosmas of Jerusalem, (whose poetical remains the writer of these Remarks has vainly sought the sight of, and therefore can only, as by hearsay, ascribe some value to them,) hid the remnant of his life in the monastery of Saba, where Phocas of the twelfth century looked upon the tomb of either poet. John Damascenus wrote several acrostics on the chief festivals of the churches, which are not much better, although very much longer, than acrostics need be. When he writes out of his heart, without looking to the first letters of his verses,—as, indeed, in his anacreontic eyes are too dim for iota-hunting,—he is another man, and almost a strong man; for the heart being sufficient to speak, we want no Delphic oracle—"Pan is not dead." In our selection from the anacreontic hymn, the tears seem to trickle audibly—"we welcome them as a Castalia, or, rather, as Siloa's brook," flowing by an oracle more divine than any Grecian one:—

From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere,
O Jesus, take my prayer!
Spurn me not for all it says,—
Not for words and not for ways,—

Not for words
Make me
O my Jesus
Or teach
What to

I have said
Who learn
And bring
Anointed
Thy blessing
My God,
As thou
To that
Scorn me
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Not for shamelessness endured!
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would!
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do and what to speak.

I have sinned more than she,
Who learning where to meet with Thee,
And bringing myrrh, the highest priced,
Anointed bravely from her knee,
Thy blessed feet accordingly—
My God, my Lord, my Christ!—
As Thou saiest not "Depart,"
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art
The gentlest one of all words said!
But give thy feet to me instead,
That tenderly I may them kiss
And clasp them close, and never miss
With over-dropping tears as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
T'anoint them bravely from my knee!

Wash me with my tears: draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me:
Thine remit my sins who knowest
All the sinning, to the lowest—
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes Thyself dearest;
Yea, but knowest all my faith,
Seest all my force to death,—
Hearst all my wallings low,
That mine evil should be so!
Nothing hidden but appears
In thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine—
Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat... which is gone!—

After these deep paths of christianity, we dare not
say a word—we dare not even praise it as poetry—
our heart is stirred, and not "idly." The only sound
which can fitly succeed the cry of the contrite soul,
is that of Divine condonation or of angelic rejoicing.
Let us who are sorrowful still, be silent too.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE various publishing Societies which have of late
years sprung up, and been welcomed by the public,
have, with all their faults, much to recommend them.
It is true, that all these Societies are more or less
chargeable with faults both of omission and commission—
have each and all encumbered our library
shelves with works of very little value; but library
shelves are expansive, and selection will at any time
remedy this evil; and we say selection, because we
are indebted to these Societies for many curious,
and some interesting volumes, which, but for their
agency, we could never have possessed. Amongst
the sins of omission which we are disposed to prefer
against some of them, is the little use which they
have made of the public records—of the abundant
stores contained in the various public repositories.
The importance of these historical documents is be-
yond all question. It is therefore with pleasure we
announce that a Society is about to be established
for the express purpose of collecting these historical
evidences, and of printing them in a classified form,
relieved of the technicalities by which they are en-
cumbered, and in English, giving the original only
when there is a possible doubt as to its meaning.
Such persons as desire to become members of the So-
ciety, may communicate their names to Mr. E. Bond,
of the British Museum. The annual subscription is
1*l*. It is observed in the circular, which we have
received, that "the importance of our Public Records
can hardly be exaggerated: they are capable of
affording, independently of other sources, a National
History comprehensive in its subjects, copious and
minute in its details, and authentic beyond impeach-
ment. There is hardly a political question of mo-
ment which may not receive invaluable light from
these venerable muniments. For the science of
Statistics they furnish unerring data elsewhere wholly
unattainable. Not only may we collect the numbers
of inhabitants of the various towns of England, and
their trades and occupations, together with the wages
of labour and prices of food and commodities, but
even the ages of certain classes are detailed with
accuracy sufficient to yield an average of the duration
of life compared century by century. From the
series of fiscal records minute and correct tables may
be framed of the yearly revenue and expenditure of
the Crown; and by the aid of the same authorities,
we are enabled to trace the progress of internal trade
and foreign commerce. Materials for the early his-
tory of the English Army and Navy are abundant;
while documents of all classes combine to display

the social condition and manners of the people. As
an illustration of the practical objects of the Society,
it may be observed that the contributions it might
collect towards the history of early Art—which might
be preferred for the subject of its first labours—
would be susceptible of an immediate application in
the question of Architectural Decoration, to which
public attention is at present directed, in connexion
with the New Houses of Parliament."

The Copyright question has, we are rejoiced to find,
been taken up by worthy advocates, and a Bill to
amend the law been brought in by Viscount Mahon,
Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. C. Howard.
The principal enactment sets forth—"That the copy-
right in every book which shall, after the passing of
this act, be published in the lifetime of its author,
shall endure for the natural life of such author, and for
the further term of twenty-five years, commencing
at the time of his death, and shall be the property of
such author and his assigns; and that the copyright
in every book which shall be published after the
death of its author, shall endure for the term of thirty
years from the first publication thereof, and shall be
the property of the proprietor of the manuscript from
which such book shall be first published, and his
assigns."

The Annual General Meeting of the Literary Fund
Society took place on Wednesday last, and we were
truly rejoiced to hear that although no less than
thirty-eight grants for relief had been made during
the past year, and, generally speaking, those grants
were more than usually large, the committee had been
enabled to purchase and add to the capital fund of
the society 500*l*. stock. The following well merited
testimony to the services of the secretary concluded
the Report of the auditors—"The auditors cannot
terminate their investigation of the accounts without
expressing, in the strongest terms, their approbation
of the highly satisfactory and business-like manner
in which every branch of them are kept by Mr.
Blewitt, and of the industry and talent evinced by
him in simplifying the references to every portion of
the property of the corporation." It was forthwith
moved by Mr. Bond Cabell, "that it be recom-
mended to the committee, to raise the salary of the
secretary from 100*l*. to 150*l*. per annum." The re-
solution was carried unanimously, and never, in our
opinion, was reward better merited. The President
and other officers were re-elected, and the following
gentlemen added to the committee—The Rev. Dr.
Major, J. H. Merivale, Esq., Dr. Forbes, M.D., Sir
Gardner Wilkinson, and John Auldjo, Esq.

From the Report read at the Anniversary Meeting
of the Bookbinders' Provident Institution, we learn
that the Society is going on prosperously, and has
already commenced its active and benevolent duties,
and afforded temporary relief to many distressed ap-
plicants. The total amount invested is 10,654*l*. 16*s*. 5*d*.,
producing nearly 400*l*. per annum, and the income
derived from annual subscriptions is 280*l*.

The late Mr. Aylmer B. Lambert, Vice-President
of the Linnean Society, has bequeathed his library
and his collections to the British Museum.

We learn from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that in
consideration of two several sums of money given to
the University of Durham by the subscribers to a
scholarship and the subscribers to a monument, in
memory of the late Bishop Van Mildert, two scholar-
ships have been founded of the annual value of 50*l*.
each, to be called the Van Mildert Scholarships.
The first scholar on this foundation will be elected in
June, 1842; and there will be no further elections
on the old foundation. The Rev. Thomas Gisborne,
M.A. Canon of Durham, having placed 500*l*. at the
disposal of the dean and chapter for the benefit of
the university, it has been agreed that 100*l*. previously
given by Mr. Gisborne shall be added to that sum,
and that, in consideration of these gifts, a scholarship
shall be founded of the annual value of 30*l*., to be
called the Gisborne Scholarship.

Mr. Lumley, the new lessee of the Italian Opera,
has put forth his *programme* for the ensuing season,
almost simultaneously with his first performance. It
is rich in promise, with one cardinal omission, that
of a *contralto*. For *prime donne* we are to have Grisi,
Persiani, and Poggi Frezzolini; and, for the last lady,
who is but one of a new party, a new series of operas,
—"Il Bravo" of Mercadante, the same composer's
"Elena da Feltre," with other works of the family.

As the 'Saffo' of Pacini is in preparation at Paris
for La Grisi, we suppose the latter will retain the
part in London. Besides these principal *soprani*,
Mdlle. Molteni, whom we are this evening to hear,
Mdlle. Masserelli, Madame Ronconi, and Mdlle.
Dotti are also promised to us. For tenors, Signor
Mario, Signor Guasco, (of whom some notice may be
found in a correspondent's letter from Milan, *Athen*.
No. 730,) and Signor Poggi, the last a singer of very
high renown; for baritones and basses, the Ronconi
and the two Lablaches: of the first-named every one
speaks with enthusiasm. His repertory, however, is
of the newest Italian school: from whence we should
augur a singer exclusively expressive, rather than
endowed with that versatility of power which distin-
guishes the highest artists. The male background
figures are to be Signor Santi, Signor Ferrari Stella,
and Signor Panzini. No news of the new opera
which it was rumoured Donizetti had been engaged to
write for us!—happily, too, no news of Mdlle.
Löwe. The revivals of 'Cosi fan tutte' and 'La
Clemenza' are promised, and the introduction of
Fioravanti's 'Cantatrice Villane'; but on the chapter
of music to be performed, Mr. Lumley is discreetly
ambiguous, knowing, doubtless, the difficulties which
lie before him, the discrepancies of taste between
the subscribers and the general public, &c. Not a
word of accommodation to be extended to, or with-
drawn from, the latter;—and not a promise of paint,
paper, or even soap and water; and for the meanest of
these luxuries the frequenters of Her Majesty's
Theatre would have good cause to be thankful.
Behind the curtain, however, matters are to be
managed in due order: Signor Puzzi is to be acting
manager, M. Laurent stage manager. The improve-
ment of the chorus is promised; the orchestra, we
know from another source, is strengthened by some
changes. The *corps de ballet*, too, seems to have
been weeded, if we may judge from the list of new
flowery names of artists engaged—Fleury, Aimée,
Camille, and the like,—to support the principal
dancers and *danseuses*. The latter are to be Mdlle.
Carlotta Grisi, Mdlle. Guy Stephan, Mad. Cerrito,
and M. Perrot. On the whole, save for the absence
of the essential we have pointed out, the *overture*
is satisfactory, and deserves applause. Let the cur-
tain rise!

The manuscripts and copyright of the works of
M. de Chateaubriand, which, as we announced, were
lately put up at auction, were purchased by M.
Delandine de Saint Esprit for 153,000 fr.

The American papers mention, that Washington
Irving has been nominated, by the Senate, as minister
to Spain, and that the appointment was wholly un-
solicited and unexpected.

The Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg lately
recommended an expedition for the purpose of ex-
ploring the northern part of Siberia, and especially
that tract of country which lies between Turuchanak
and the Arctic Ocean. The Emperor has sanctioned
the project, which is to be undertaken in the course
of the present year, and a grant of 13,000 rubles has
been made from the Treasury in furtherance of the
expedition.

The following few words are from our Berlin cor-
respondent:—

Berlin, March 2, 1842.

The lectures of the Scientific Association, alluded
to in my last, have been continued by Prof. Dange,
'On Meteorology'; von Raumer, 'On the Changes
of Government in France'; Ehrenberg, 'On Ani-
malcula, and the use of the Microscope'; Link, 'On
the Natural History and Geology of Greece'; and
Encke, 'On the Astronomy of the Universe.' The
European celebrity of these men is such, that it would
be superfluous to say anything on the merit of these
discourses; most of them are to be forthwith published.
—Messrs. Hoffmann & Campe, of Hamburg, have
published a protest against the measures adopted by
the Prussian government, alluded to in my last; but
hitherto the prohibition of all books published by
them after December 31, 1841, still remains in
force. Franz Liszt has earned here such honours,
as hitherto no artist can boast of. The Princess
of Prussia—lady of the Heir Presumptive—made him
a present of autograph music by Frederic the Great;
and it is expected that the King will create him a
Knight of the Black or Red Eagle. He leaves Berlin
to-morrow, and all the windows in the *Koenigsstrasse*,

and the other streets through which he is to pass on his way to St. Petersburg, have been let at high prices to see the procession of Students, &c. who accompany him to the first post-station beyond the walls of the city! The receipts of three of his thirteen crowded concerts he gave away to charitable institutions, and you will admit that he is a noble fellow, when I add that the sum thus given to the poor amounted to about 1,000*l.* sterling!

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.
The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of
BRITISH ARTISTS is open DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till
Five in the Evening. Admission, 1*l.*. Catalogue, 1*l.*
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.
The Two Pictures, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE
OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted
by M. BOYRON; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at
Bethlehem, painted by M. RENOUX, from a sketch made on the spot
by D. ROBERTS, R.A. 1839. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of
light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

THE present SERIES of DISSOLVING VIEWS for SALE, including
the DISSOLVING ORRERY, as exhibited at the ROYAL
POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION to 250,000 persons. They are to
be withdrawn after the 26th of this month, for the purpose of introducing
NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS on an ENLARGED SCALE, which will be opened to the Public on EASTER MONDAY.—For
terms inquire of the Secretary. The New and Varied Lectures, and
the 5,000 Works of eminent Art, Science and Ingenuity.—Admission, 1*l.*

THE THAMES TUNNEL.
Is OPEN daily, (Sunday excepted), from Nine in the Morning until
Six in the Evening, and lighted with Gas. The present Entrance for
Visitors is on the Surrey side of the River, close to Rotherhithe Church.
The Tunnel is now completed, and is 1,300 feet in length. Admission,
1*l.* each.
Notice.—The Tunnel will be shortly closed to the Public, in order
to finish the foot Passengers' Descent.
By order of the Board of Directors.
Company's Office, J. CHAILLER,
2, Walbrook Buildings, City, Clerk of the Company.
1st March, 1842.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.
Feb. 19.—Mr. Murchison, President, in the chair. A paper 'On the Recession of the Falls of Niagara,' by Mr. Lyell, was read. Prof. Eaton published, in 1824, a correct section of the rocks between Lewistown and the Falls of Niagara, and in 1830, 1831, and 1835, Mr. R. Bakewell, Mr. De la Beche and Mr. D. Rogers, laid before the public accounts of the phenomena of the Falls, and the physical structure and geology of the district. In the report of the geology of Western New York for 1837, Mr. Conrad first declared his opinion, that all the formations of that country belonged to the Silurian series; but Mr. Lyell says, that the true geological succession of the rocks between Lewistown and the Falls was never well understood until Mr. James Hall, the States geologist, published his report for 1838. After these allusions to previous labours, Mr. Lyell proceeds to give a brief account of the strata composing the Niagara district, derived chiefly either from the reports of Mr. Hall, or from information obtained from that gentleman, while travelling with him during the autumn of 1841. The strata between Lakes Erie and Ontario, are considered to belong to the middle and lower portions of the English Silurian system, and are divisible into five principal formations, namely: 1st, the Helderberg limestone. 2nd, the Onondaga salt group. 3rd, the Niagara group. 4th, the Protean group, and 5th, the Ontario group. The first, or newest constituting the country adjacent to Lake Erie, and called the Helderberg limestone, is considered, on account of its organic contents, to represent the Wenlock rocks of Mr. Murchison's Silurian system, and the correctness of this conclusion Mr. Lyell has verified by a personal examination of the strata, from the coalfield of Pennsylvania to the group in question, the intermediate formations containing organic remains which agree with those found in the Devonian system and Ludlow rocks of England. In this part of the state of New York, and still further west, in Upper Canada, the Helderberg series is only fifty feet thick, but at Scholarie, 300 miles to the eastward, it attains a thickness of 300 feet. 2. The Onondaga salt group differs essentially from any member of the British Silurian system, consisting, with the exception of a stratum of limestone at the top, of red and green marls with beds of gypsum, which are undistinguishable from the new red marls of England. The deposit is also non-fossiliferous. No rock salt has yet been found in the group, but brine springs are of frequent occurrence. On the line of the Niagara, the strata have been denuded, and are much concealed by overlying drift, but the thickness is estimated at not less than

800 feet, and Mr. Hall conceives that in some parts of New York it is full 1000 feet. 3. The Niagara group first appears on approaching the rapids above the great cataract. It consists in the upper part of the Niagara or Lockport limestone, 120 feet thick, and in the lower of the Niagara or Rochester shale, which is 80 feet thick, and both contain fossils identical with those of the Wenlock series of England, but associated with others peculiar to North America. The limestone constitutes the whole of the platform from the rapids to the escarpment at Lewistown, where its thickness is only 30 feet, and it rests persistently on the Niagara or Rochester shale, which maintains throughout the same vertical dimensions. 4. The Protean group which crops out at the base of the Falls, owes its name to its variable and heterogeneous composition. On the Niagara, it consists of 25 feet of hard limestone, resting upon about four feet of shale, but at Rochester, on the Genesee river, it is better developed, and includes a bed of dark shale with graptolites, and another of limestone full of *Penatamerus oblongus*, and *P. levis*, considered by Mr. Conrad to be one species. 5. About a mile below the falls, the Ontario group begins to rise from beneath the Protean, and extends to the escarpment at Queenstown, or Lewistown, where its thickness is 200 feet, but to this dimension must be added 150 feet of inferior beds, composing the district between the escarpment and Lake Ontario. The group consists, in descending order, of 70 feet of red marl, with beds of hard sandstone in the upper part, 25 feet of hard white quartzose sandstone, and 250 feet of red marl and sandstone. Mr. Lyell is of opinion, from a comparison of English Caradoc and Llandovery fossils with those found in the groups 4 and 5, that the Protean and Ontario series represent the lower Silurian rocks of great Great Britain. The dip of the whole of these groups is at a small angle to the south, and as the strike has been traced 150 miles to the eastward, and for a greater distance to the westward, the sections along the banks of the Niagara afford a key to the structure of a large portion of the State of New York. Beneath the five groups just described, the lowest of which extends to Lake Ontario, occurs another, called the Mohawk group, exposed on the Canada side of Lake Ontario; and Mr. Lyell is of opinion that it belongs to a series of beds older than the lower Silurian rocks of England. The author then enters upon some details respecting the geographical distribution of the formations, and the physical features of the country, particularly those presented by the two platforms composed of the Helderberg and the Niagara limestones, and the escarpments at their terminations north of Buffalo, and at Queenstown. The distance from the point where the Niagara flows out of Lake Erie to the Falls is 16 miles; from the Falls to the Queenstown escarpment is 7 miles, and thence to Lake Ontario is also about 7 miles. For the first 15½ miles, or from Lake Erie to the commencement of the rapids, the descent of the river does not exceed 15 feet, but in the next half mile, or to the edge of the cataract, it is 45 feet; the perpendicular height of the Falls is 164 feet; and from their base to Queenstown, the descent of the river is about 100 feet, but thence to Lake Ontario not more than 4 feet. These measurements, Mr. Lyell says, are of importance in speculating on the past or future recession of the Falls. If the cataract were ever at Queenstown, its height must have been then, twice what it is now, the vertical measurements of the escarpment being there 330 feet, and the difference is chiefly due to the gentle southern inclination of the beds, and the change in the level of the river between the Falls and Queenstown. With respect to the origin of this escarpment, the author shows that it cannot be assigned to a fault, the strata composing it and extending from its base, preserving the same relative position as at Lockport, or Rochester, and he is of opinion, that it is due entirely to denudation at a period when the sea extended to its foot. He is also convinced that the Helderberg escarpment was likewise formed by the action of the sea. Mr. Lyell then enters upon the great question, whether the ravine through which the Niagara flows has been cut by the river, or was excavated by the same agent which produced the escarpment. His own observations have induced him to conclude that it has been formed by the river, and that the drainage of Lake Erie was anciently affected

by a body of water flowing along a shallow valley which occupied the present line of the ravine, and agreed in character with the valley or depression through which the Niagara now runs between Lakes Erie and the Falls. Mr. Lyell assigns the following reasons for his conclusion:—1st, the breadth of the ravine being at the top only from 400 to 600 yards, and at the bottom, from 200 to 400, between Queenstown and the Whirlpool; 2ndly, from the bed of the river being everywhere cut down to the regular strata; 3rdly, from the fact, that the Falls are now slowly receding; 4thly, from the existence of the remains of a fresh-water deposit on Goat Island, and in a depression at the top of the cliffs half a mile lower down on both sides of the river, the origin of which accumulation he assigns to the body of water which flowed along the shallow valley before mentioned. The objection which has been advanced against the inference, that the river has cut back the ravine, and founded upon an indentation in the cliff called the "Devil's Hole," between the whirlpool and Queenstown, Mr. Lyell is of opinion, is not valid; as he conceives that the rivulet which now flows down the notch, aided by atmospheric agency, would be able to form the hollow. He alludes, likewise, to another indentation, noticed by himself and Mr. Hall, on the Canada side of the river and near the whirlpool, the characters of which had apparently escaped previous observers. Mr. Lyell does not attach much importance to the precise numerical calculations respecting the recession of the Falls during the last half century, but he notices the great changes which took place in 1819 and 1823, and others which have occurred within the memory of persons residing in the district; he mentions, likewise, a work published by a French missionary, Father Hennepin, containing a view of the Falls in 1678, and which, in addition to the two existing cascades, represents a third on the Canada side, crossing the Horse-shoe cataract at right angles. This cascade is also alluded to by the Swedish botanist, Kalm, who published an account of the Falls in 1751, but at that time it did not exist. Mr. Lyell then details the characters of the fresh-water deposits on Goat Island, and at the top of the cliff, presuming that it had been known previous to Mr. Bakewell's account of the Falls, and that Mr. Hall has described it in his Report for 1833. The deposit consists of mud, gravel, and sand, containing nine species of fluviatile shells, all which still inhabit the Niagara. At the south-west extremity of Goat Island it is twenty-four feet thick. On the right bank of the Niagara, opposite the island, a terrace, twelve feet in altitude, has been excavated, in this accumulation, which is then also about twenty-four feet in depth, and in digging a mill-dam some years since, a tooth of the *Mastodon Americæ* was found associated with the same species of fluviatile shells. A similar terrace is distinctly seen on the Canada side of the river, and at about the same level, but its characters have not been investigated. These deposits demonstrate, Mr. Lyell says, the former position of the river at a level corresponding to that of the present summit of the cataracts and for half a mile below the present Falls; but it also proves, that there must have been a barrier further down, to have produced that tranquil condition of the water necessary for the inhabiting testacea; and he is of opinion that it existed about the position of the whirlpool, or three miles below the present Falls. If this be admitted, and if the river has cut back its way three miles, we may be prepared to concede that the still narrower ravine below the whirlpool was produced by the same cause; and he adds, if the waters continue to cut their way back, the bed of the river above the Falls will be partially laid dry, and the sediment now accumulating will exhibit features similar to those of the Goat Island formation. Assuming that the Falls were once at Queenstown, Mr. Lyell dwells upon the differences which must have occurred in the rate of retrocession, in consequence of the changes in the nature of the strata cut through, especially of those which formed the bases of the cliffs; and he adverts to the variations which will take place in future ages from similar causes; but he remarks that all predictions respecting the Falls may be falsified, by the demands which may be made upon Lake Erie by the construction of canals and other human works, and by the felling of the forests.

Feb. 28.
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GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 28.—R. I. Murchison, Esq. in the chair.

1. A letter was read from Lieut. Symonds, R.E. detailing the method he had employed in his levels in Syria, and corroborating the statement made on a former occasion, of the very satisfactory manner in which his work had come out.

2. A memoir on the Chatham Islands, communicated by Dr. E. Dieffenbach, was then read. These islands were discovered by Lieut. W. R. Broughton of H.M. brig *Chatham*, who hoisted the British flag on the largest of the islands, and took possession of it in the name of His Britannic Majesty on the 29th of November 1791. After enumerating the islands of the group, and their respective positions, Dr. Dieffenbach proceeds to describe the large island. Commencing with Waitangi Bay, on the west side of the island, he proceeds northwards round the coast, describing its form, character, headlands, bights, and rocks. In Waitangi Bay there is good anchorage in five fathoms, secure from the effects of south-westerly gales, and in part from those coming from N.W. The tides are irregular, and scarcely perceptible. The land in the neighbourhood is the richest in the island, and the bay, for some years past, has been visited by many ships, which easily procure fuel, provisions, and water. In the whaling season of 1840, thirty vessels have refreshed here. Wangaroa Bay forms a secure harbour for three or four ships, and is the best of the four harbours in its immediate neighbourhood, but has not the advantages of Waitangi. The north coast of the island is much exposed to the winds; it has, however, one sheltered bay, which is the only harbour of the island besides those already mentioned. It has been entered by large brigs and some smaller trading vessels, which have anchored in from ten to twelve fathoms. The eastern shore of the island is quite open to the easterly winds. The whole surface of the island may be estimated at 305,280 acres, of which 57,600 at least are occupied by lakes; of the remaining 247,680 acres, 100,000 may be regarded as good and cultivable land, the rest being, for the greater part, fit for pasture. The Doctor next proceeds to describe the geology of the island, observing very justly, that this is the most natural foundation for a description of the land as far as it interests the agriculturists. The hills are of volcanic origin, and furnish an excellent material for building and for roads; none of these hills exceed 800 feet in elevation. It is from one of these that the island takes its name of Warekauri. In the interior of the island there are large boulders of the same nature as the rocks, covering basin-shaped depressions of the surface. The natives have no recollection of an earthquake. Besides the volcanic formation, there are stratified rocks of aqueous origin. The slate breaks into slabs, which may be used in building. Besides these rocks, there is a conglomerate containing nodules of dark shining lumps like iron ore, and on the beach of the northern coast, horizontal stratifications of a dark green sand of comminuted shells, of calcareous breccia, and other deposited strata. Lime may be obtained in sufficient quantity from the calcareous beds of this formation. In some parts of the island the formation is almost wholly of stems of trees in the state of lignite, in others it is peaty. Having described in great detail the geology of the island, the memoir then describes the nature of the soil, which, when the plough has entered it, will in the worst parts, prove to be a rich land, both for grain and meadows. The rise of the land affords good drainage. The island is surrounded by a girdle of trees and fern. In one place the turf has become ignited and burns slowly under the surface. The greater number of lakes are in the northern part of the island; they are surrounded by wooded hills, which greatly embellish the Warekauri landscape. The large lake of the island is of brackish water; it is twenty-five miles long by six or seven broad, and is called Te Wanga; its surface is about two feet above high water mark; two large and rapid fresh water creeks enter it, which are capable of turning mills. The southern part of the island is the most available for agricultural purposes; the fertility of the soil is here very great, and little preparatory labour is required of the husbandman. Some of the rivulets of the island have black water, though quite clear, and excellent for all purposes. Mangatu creek, which flows into Waitangi Bay, has a bar at its mouth which can be passed by a boat at

high water; within this bar there is a depth of about twelve feet, even at low water, for about three miles up. The climate is said to be most genial. Rain is not wanting, though it seldom falls for more than a few hours at a time. The whole Flora of the island is similar to that of New Zealand; of the pine tribe there is only one representative in Chatham Island, a low *Taxus* with purple berries, like our juniper. There are twelve sorts of fern, among which is a remarkable tree-fern. The *Phormium tenax* and the *Pteris esculenta* cover large districts. The karaka tree grows here to the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet. Its wood is light and spongy, but gives good boards, and is useful for many domestic purposes. There is also a kind of fine-scented sandal wood, but it is scarce. A shrub furnishing a fine black dye is also found. Potatoes, turnips, cabbages, &c. thrive well. Indeed, Dr. Dieffenbach is of opinion, that all sorts of grain, roots, and fruits which thrive in England will thrive here, as also birch, elm, &c. The lignite furnishes abundant fuel. There are a few land animals, and these, with the exception of the Norway rat, belong to the feathered tribe. *Spermacti* and black whales are seen in numbers off the shore. The fur seal was formerly abundant, but is now scarce. Aquatic fowl is abundant, and the eggs of some of these furnish a favourite food. The coast affords a plentiful supply of fish: crawfish, lobsters, cockles, &c.; the fresh-water eel grows to a large size. Of the original inhabitants who some years ago amounted to many hundreds, a very few families only are left. These islands were invaded by the New Zealanders, whose oppression and cruelty have almost exterminated the original people. Dr. Dieffenbach next proceeds to describe the moral character of the natives and their physical constitution, also their manners and rude arts, among which the most remarkable is the construction of their canoes. Their manner of disposing of their dead by burning, is also related, and their language and connexion with other people are also described. The memoir concluded with some account of the other islands of the group.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 5.—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston in the chair.

The paper read comprised some notes by Prof. Wilson, on a portion of the Mahabharata, illustrative of some ancient usages and of the commerce of the Hindús. The great epic poem called Mahabharata, is known to Sanskrit scholars as having for its subject the struggles of the two dynasties of Pandu and Kuru for the monarchy of India. Around this principal subject is congregated a vast collection of episodes, consisting of historical traditions, popular stories, ethical systems, and philosophical disquisitions, several of the former containing information very curious, and, most probably, mainly correct, relative to the social and political state of India long before the Christian era. The paper read, was illustrative of some matters comprised in the second book of the poem, called the Sabhá parva, which narrates the claims of Yudisthira, the eldest of the Pandu princes, to be acknowledged paramount sovereign of India, and the celebration of the Rajasurga festival, at his palace (Sanskrit, *Sabhá*), by which the acknowledgment was in a manner consecrated. Preparatory to the principal action, the brothers of Yudisthira make a progress through the empire, to extort from the princes of India an acknowledgment of the superiority of the Pandu prince. And this part of the book abounds with many interesting geographical and political notices, which have already been amply illustrated by Prof. Hassen, on which Prof. Wilson has thought it necessary to make no further remark than that the details are precisely such as would have attended similar warlike operations in recent times in India, the victor contenting himself with such present tribute as he could levy, and leaving the conquered princes in possession of their dominions. The due acknowledgment being obtained, preparations are made to celebrate the sacrifice, and invitations are issued to guests from all parts. It is here remarkable, that not only Brahmans, but Vaisyas, and even Sudras, are included among the guests; that no difference is indicated in the food, dwellings, and entertainments provided for them; but that all seem to be treated without distinction. When the guests are assem-

bled, the ceremony is performed, of which the essential part is the sprinkling of Yudisthira with water from sacred rivers,—a duty said in one place to have been discharged by the family priest, and in another by the demi-god Krishna. Subordinate offices are filled by kindred and tributary princes, not much unlike, though hardly so servile, as those by which our own nobles conceived themselves honoured in the feudal ages, and of which our languages yet retain so many terms. Thus, one prince acts as chamberlain, another distributes the food, a third is master of the ceremonies, and Krishna volunteers to wash the Brahmans' feet. Some of the most curious portions of this section occur in the detail of the articles brought from the various countries as tribute. Several of these are to be identified as productions of those regions at this day; and we may ascribe our inability to verify the others principally to our want of an intimate knowledge of the countries named. The Kambojas bring shawls, brocades, garments of fur, and horses. These people appear to have inhabited the plains to the north of the Paropamisian mountains, which are still famous for horses. The mention of furs is curious, as being so unfit for Hindús of modern times, both from their warmth and the ceremonial impurity which would result from skin garments, according to present feelings; the circumstance is certainly corroborative of the northern origin of the Brahmans. The people of Maru Kacha also brought horses; these are the inhabitants of Kutch and Sindé, still famous for their powerful breed of horses. One passage will satisfactorily explain the extravagant fable related by the Greeks, and repeated by travellers in the Middle Ages, of ants as big as foxes, which produce gold. The passage states, that the tribes of various names who dwell between the Meru and Mandara mountains, brought lumps of gold, of the sort called pipplika, or ant-gold, so named because it was dug out by the common large ant, or pipplika. It was, in fact, believed, that the native gold found on the surface of some of the auriferous deserts of Northern India, had been laid bare by the action of these insects,—an idea by no means irrational, although erroneous, but which grew up in its progress westward into a monstrous absurdity. The native country of these tribes is that described by the Greeks, the mountains between Hindustan and Tibet; and the names given are those of barbarous races still found in those localities. Many other articles of tribute are mentioned, in most instances characteristic of the countries from which they are said to be brought. The details generally furnish information respecting the trade and manufactures of central Asia at a remote period; and a comparison with the accounts of the Greeks, from Herodotus downwards, shows clearly that they refer to the same period. The obvious inference is, that this state of things was in existence at least five centuries before our era; that an active commercial intercourse was at that early period maintained between India and its neighbours, furnishing the former country with gems, drugs, the precious metals, furs, skins, silks, and armour, in exchange, doubtless, for its rice, sugar, salt, and for those fine cotton fabrics, the manufacture of which, after an existence of 3,000 years, has been recently annihilated by the power of steam.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Feb. 28.—

H. E. Kendall, Esq., in the chair.—The principal business of the evening was to decide on the merits of the drawings and essays submitted to the Institute for their annual prizes. The Soane Medallion was awarded to Mr. John W. Papworth, associate, for a restoration of Crosby Place, Bishopsgate, as it may be supposed to have existed in the 16th century. To the medallion, a premium of ten guineas has, on this occasion, been annexed, by the liberality of Miss Hackett, the lady to whose antiquarian taste and zeal the public are mainly indebted for the preservation of the Hall and other remains of this beautiful monument of the domestic architecture of the middle ages. The medal of the Institute was awarded to an essay 'On the effects which should result to Architectural Taste, from the general use of Iron in the Construction of Buildings.' In this essay, (which was read to the meeting,) the writer argued, that a new style of architecture ought to arise from the introduction of a new material, to the extent to which

the practical application of cast iron may be, and indeed has already been, carried; and that it is a blot upon the inventive faculties of the age, that art has done little or nothing with a material which has proved of such vast importance in the hands of science. It was further argued, that nothing, probably, but prejudice stands in the way of the development of as much beauty, in a style adapted to the extensive employment of cast iron, as in styles adapted to marble, or any other material. To strike out new combinations and characteristics, the writer did not profess; but that they might be struck out in strict accordance with the principles which govern beauty and taste, he inferred, from the practice of the ancients, who have left us works of art in the most opposite extremes of proportion, and yet equally admitted to be beautiful; the proportions and principles of beauty being governed by the materials in which they are executed, in support of which proposition he cited the candelabra, tripods, chairs, and other works of antiquity in marble and bronze, contrasting the characters of these objects, destined for the same purposes, and exhibiting the same general designs; and that this principle may be carried into architecture, we have also the authority of the ancients, who not only conceived, but systematized a style of architecture of extreme lightness and delicacy, although we do not know that it was ever carried into execution, except with the brush—alluding to the architectural frame-work of the ancient fresco paintings. Instead of working upon such lessons as these, the modern architect has, hitherto, used one of his most important powers in construction only in disguise—misled by pre-conceived ideas on taste. In considering the characteristics of Gothic architecture, which formed a second division of this essay, this practice was shown to be still more absurd, since cast iron lends itself with the utmost facility to this style, especially in its earlier periods, when it appears to have been a principle to reduce the supports, not only apparently, but really, to a minimum, of which the Lady Chapel, of Salisbury, offers proof. In this portion of his subject, therefore, the writer sought to reconcile the use of cast iron with existing principles of taste, and pointed out the peculiar modes which the architects of the middle ages adopted in tracery when executed in metal, as evidenced by the screens of Edward IV. and Henry VII.'s tombs, contrasting them with modern cast iron window frames modelled upon precedents in stone. The conclusion drawn was, that whenever prejudice shall give way, and iron be recognized as a legitimate resource in art, new architectural combinations will be produced; and that in Gothic architecture especially, we shall have at our command effects, of which our predecessors could only dream, although they made bold efforts to realize them.—The Honorary Secretary reported, that an answer to the address of the Institute to Prince Albert had been received through the hands of the President, Earl De Grey, and that H.R.H. had been graciously pleased to become the Patron of the Institute.

INSTITUTE OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—March 1.—The discussion upon Copper Sheathing was renewed, and a member remarked, that many curious facts might be elicited from Mr. Wilkinson's paper. The early specimens of copper sheets were found to have been more durable than those of recent manufacture—the former contained an alloy of $\frac{1}{10}$ part of zinc. Muntz's patent metal was alloyed with about the same proportion of zinc, which accounted for the good reputation which it enjoyed for durability. Prof. Faraday, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Taylor had been consulted by the Admiralty upon the difference of durability of metal sheathing: they had recommended assaying, but had not been able to detect any difference in the chemical constitution of the numerous specimens submitted to them. Several curious circumstances relative to the uncertainty of the quality of copper produced by the same process of manufacture, were mentioned and commented upon at length.—A paper 'On the Permanent Way of the South-Eastern (Dover) Railway,' by Mr. Pope, described principally the kind of sleepers used on that line—they are of a triangular form, four being cut out of a piece of square or whole timber, containing about ten cubic feet; the upper side is planed in two places, so that the chairs shall be perfectly

bedded; they are fastened down by compressed oak trenails, which expand after being driven into the sleeper and exposed to moisture, and hold very fast, at the same time avoiding the possibility of breaking the chair, which so frequently occurs in driving down the common iron spikes. The sleepers are found to possess great advantage in permitting the ballast to be more easily rammed beneath them without lifting, as in the case of the square or the irregular sided sleepers. The rails are also secured by compressed wedges, the accuracy of the castings made by Ransome & May, of Ipswich, being so great, that the wedges all fit any chair indiscriminately. Nine miles of single line, and two miles of double line permanent way are laid on this system; the portion first laid at Bow Beach cutting has had 70,000 tons of ballast run over it by a locomotive and ordinary waggons without springs, and has not yet required the least repair or packing, although the weather has been very unfavourable. Great advantage is felt from the regularity of the inclination of the upper surface of the rail, which is provided for in the chair, instead of relying upon the common rail layers giving it in the foundation for the chair, in the usual manner. Little or no oscillating motion is felt in consequence of this arrangement, as the inward inclination of the rail is made to accord perfectly with the conical shape of the wheel tire. An instrument was exhibited—it is a short iron tube bored within the exact diameter of the auger to be used, and turned outside to fit the conical mouth of the hole in the cutting for receiving the trenail—one end rests horizontally upon the sleeper, and the other extremity being inserted into the hole in the chair, it forms an unerring guide for the auger of the workman, and the trenail is subsequently driven exactly into the centre of the hole without its having any tendency to twist or displace the chair. A series of iron gauges restrain the rails from being forced either outwards or inwards while being laid, and the work proceeds with great rapidity. The paper was illustrated by a drawing, and by specimens of the full-sized sleepers, with the rails, chairs, &c. all laid, with compressed trenails and wedges. In the discussion which ensued, an account was given of the process patented by Messrs. Ransome & May for casting the chairs, and compressing the wedges and trenails, and the mode of laying the way.

March 8.—The President in the chair. A paper was read from Mr. Timperley, 'describing the mode of Kyanizing the timber sleepers of the Hull and Selby Railway.' It gave all the practical details of the construction of the apparatus, and of the process of Kyanizing timber, by making a partial vacuum in close tanks wherein the sleepers were piled, the solution of the corrosive sublimate of mercury being then admitted, a pressure of 100lb. per square inch was applied, and the mercury was found to have penetrated to the heart; $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of corrosive sublimate sufficed to Kyanize one load of wood—about 337,000 cubic feet were thus prepared for the railway, at a cost of about five pence per cubic foot. Detailed drawings of the apparatus were exhibited. A correspondence between Mr. Lynde, one of the assistant engineers on the line, and Mr. James Simpson, detailed the various tests used for ascertaining the amount of saturation which had been arrived at by the various processes; and a discussion now took place, in which the question was fully argued. It would appear that either time, or perfect mechanical exhaustion of the fluids and air from the capillary tubes, was essential for a good result—that with dry timber the process was successful, but with wet timber it was very doubtful.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—March 2.—R. H. Solly, Esq. in the chair.—A resolution was passed to rescind the rule relating to the exclusion of patent inventions. It was further resolved, "that persons interested in the objects of the Society, and having no residence or place of business within ten miles of London, shall be eligible as non-resident members on the annual payment of not less than one guinea." This resolution stands for confirmation at the next general meeting. It is the principal object of these changes to open a wider field for the operations of the Society, by establishing a correspondence with manufacturers and others residing in all parts of the kingdom. Several other resolutions were passed for im-

provements in the general management of the Society. Amongst the various communications announced, was a paper on the cultivation of nutmegs in the island of Singapore, by Dr. William Montgomerie, sent as a claim to one of the special premiums offered by the Society. The paper was referred to the Committee of Colonies and Trade, for their report at a future meeting. Sixteen members were proposed, and several presents were laid on the table.

March 9.—B. Rotch, Esq., V.P., in the chair. This was the first meeting of the Society held under the superintendence of the "Wednesday Evening Committee," lately appointed to arrange and regulate the proceedings of the evening meetings. Two subjects were brought under consideration, namely, Messrs. Braithwaite's patent process for imitating wood carving by burning, and Mr. Stephen Green's terra cotta stove. In reference to the former, Mr. E. Solly, jun., briefly adverted to the old method of carving wood and forming bas-reliefs, and similar works; and he stated that the object of the new process was simply to save time and labour, and thereby diminish the expense of these operations. In place of cutting away the wood desired to be removed, Messrs. Braithwaite employ heated metal moulds, exactly corresponding to the wood intended to be removed; these being pressed against the surface of the wood, char it at the points where they come in contact with it. This operation is repeated several times, the charcoal formed being brushed away between each application of the heated mould, and thus, in a short time, all the wood which, in the old process of carving by hand, would have been removed by the knife, is burned or charred, and brushed away, whilst the pattern, which was of course sunk in the metal mould, stands up in bold relief. It is essential in this process, that the heated mould be rapidly, steadily, and forcibly pressed into the wood, and very ingenious mechanical arrangements are required to effect this. It is also of the first importance to take care that the wood does not inflame; it must be charred, but not burnt, as, if suffered to burn or catch fire, the heat would spread, and the wood would be unequally charred. In order to ensure this, the wood is always wetted before being pressed into the heated iron mould: this prevents inflammation, and facilitates the subsequent removal of the charred wood. Some specimens of carving, executed by this process, were exhibited; and attention was drawn to the fact, that the strength of the wood was not at all impaired by the operations to which it had been subjected. When many copies of a pattern are wanted, a great saving of time and expense is effected by this process.—Mr. Green's terra cotta stove was described by Mr. Domville. In general nature it resembles the thermometer stove of Dr. Arnott, but in many points it is peculiar, and, for some purposes, Mr. Domville considered it possessed great advantages. He described some of the best stoves at present in use, and pointed out the defects or inconveniences attending their use, and then showed how these defects were attempted to be overcome in Mr. Green's stove. One of the distinguishing features of the stove was, its freedom from rust or corrosion of any kind. In place of making the outside of the stove of iron, as is the case with the majority of those at present made, Mr. Green substituted a cylinder of terra cotta, or earthenware. Another peculiarity consisted in the introduction of two or three concentric cylinders of earthenware between the fire-pot and the external case; these were introduced to equalize the heat as much as possible, and prevent any danger of cracking the outer case of the stove.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—March 1.—Sir C. Lemon, Bart., in the chair.—A paper from Capt. Churchill, R.N., on the cultivation of Asparagus at San Sebastian, in the province of Guipuzcoa, North Spain, was read. The asparagus is grown in beds about 5 feet wide, and from 20 to 60 feet long; the beds have no previous preparation beyond digging and raking; in March the seed is sown in drills 18 inches deep, and about 2 feet asunder. When the plants are 6 inches high, they are thinned to about 1 foot apart; the thinnings are transplanted in similar beds, and watered once a day by one of the never-failing rills that run through the flat on which the beds are formed. In the following March, a layer of night-soil a few inches thick is laid on the bed, and dug in when the plants have done growing in the

autumn. The asparagus is fit to cut the third year after sowing; and in the spring, a layer of leaves, about 8 inches deep, is laid over the bed; and when the plants come through this, the cutting begins. By this treatment, Capt. Churchill stated that he had seen asparagus from 3 to 6 inches, or even more, in circumference; he also observed, that at times the roots of the plants were at spring tides under salt water, which the growers consider beneficial.—Mr. Goode, gardener to Mrs. Lawrence, exhibited a large collection of plants, among which the most remarkable was a specimen of *Franciscea Hopeana*, covered with highly fragrant blossoms, which on first expanding are violet, and gradually become almost white: the others were *Cineraria splendida*, a showy purple variety; *Calogyne barbata*, with a pretty drooping spike of white blossoms; *Maxillaria tetragona*; *Cerbera frutescens*, with long pink flowers, resembling the Madagascarian periwinkle; and a specimen of the privet-leaved jasmine, scrambling over some twigs at pleasure.—A Knightian Medal was awarded for the *Franciscea*, and some others of the collection. S. Rucker, Esq., sent a specimen of a new kind of Lælia, with bright yellow flowers, for which a Knightian medal was given. From J. Bateman, Esq., were cut flowers of *Calogyne nitida*, white with yellow ridges on the labellum; *Cyrtoclitum maculatum*, and an Epidendrum called *Clouessii*, which proves to be a variety of *E. fuscum*: a certificate was awarded for these. Mr. Green, gardener to Sir E. Antrobus, Bart., exhibited a brace of cucumbers, grown in pots, for which a certificate was given; and one was also awarded to Mr. B. Fielder, gardener to W. Linwood, Esq., for a cut specimen of *Cyrtopodium Andersonii*. A Banksian medal was awarded to H. Hollist, Esq., for fourteen kinds of potatoes; among them was a kidney, the produce from one seedling tuber, weighing 2oz., being 14 lb. 2oz.; and two tubers of another produced 15 lb. 2oz.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—March 1.—Dr. Horsfield in the chair.—The Secretary announced the present of a collection of plants, chiefly Carices and Eupatorias, from Dr. Barratt, of America.—A letter was read from Mr. Borrer, offering the Society his extensive collection of foreign phanerogamous plants, consisting of European plants from Mertens, Woods, Hooker, &c.; American plants of Drummond, Gardiner, &c.; plants of the *Unio itineraria* from Arabia, Abyssinia, the Caucasus, Pyrenees, &c.; and Lippold's plants from Madeira.—A paper was read on some rare and beautiful insects from Silhet (the major part of them belonging to the collection of Mr. Paley, of Cheltenham), and described by the Rev. F. W. Hope.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 7.—R. Phillips, Esq. V.P. in the chair. The following papers were read: 1st, 'On a new class of Cacodyl Compounds containing Ammonia,' by Professor Bunsen, of Marburg. 2nd, 'On the Preparation of Chromic Acid,' by R. Warington, Esq.

Dec. 21.—The President in the chair. 1st, 'On the agency of Caloric in permanently modifying the state of Aggregation of the Molecules of bodies,' by Warren de la Rue, Esq. 2nd, 'Notice of the decomposition of the Oxalate of Oxide of Methyl by Alcohol,' by H. Croft, Esq.

Jan. 4.—The President in the chair. 1st, 'On some of the substances contained in the Lichens employed in the preparation of Archil and Cudbear,' by E. Schunck, Esq., Manchester. 2nd, 'On a rearrangement of the Molecules of a body after solidification,' by R. Warington, Esq.

Jan. 18.—The President in the chair. 1st, 'On the conversion of Benzoic acid into Hippuric acid in the animal economy,' by Mr. A. B. Garrod. 2nd, 'On the Constitution of the Sulphates, as illustrated by late thermometrical researches,' by T. Graham, Esq. 3rd, Col. Yorke exhibited a specimen of a silver ore from Mexico containing bromide of silver, illustrating the late discovery by M. Berthier of the existence of bromine in silver ores.

March 1.—1st, 'On a new Oxalate of Chromium and Potash,' by H. Croft, Esq. 2nd, 'On some Improvements in Brewing,' by Mr. Piesse.

BOTANIC SOCIETY.—Feb. 26.—The Bishop of Durham in the chair.—Dr. Sigmund announced a donation of an extensive library of works on botany, and

a museum had been presented to the Society by Mr. Fielding.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- SAT. Westminster Medical Society, 8, P.M.
 — Botanic Society, 4.
 MON. Geographical Society, 8, P.M.
 — British Architects, 8.—On Fresco Painting, by J. Severn, Esq.
 — Royal Academy.—Sculpture.
 TUES. Horticultural Society, 5.
 — Statistical Society, 3.—Anniversary.
 — Civil Engineers, 8.—On the Ravages of the Worm in Timber
 — Piles, by R. Davison.—On the Turbine, by Prof. Gordon.—
 — 'Description of an Iron Skew Bridge over the Regent's Canal
 on the Eastern Counties Railway,' by E. Dobson.—'Description
 of the Roof over Messrs. Simpson's Factory at Fimlico,'
 by J. Boustead.
 — Linnean Society, 8.
 — Chemical Society, 8.
 WED. Society of Arts, 8.—Mr. E. Solly, jun., 'On Regulating the
 Heat of Flues.'—Dr. Normanby's 'New Writing Pen.'—On
 Danger Signals for Railways.
 — Microscopical Society, 8.
 — College of Physicians, 8.—Lumleian Lecture.
 THUR. Royal Society, 8, P.M.
 — Society of Antiquaries, 8.
 — Royal Academy.—Painting.
 FRI. Royal Institution, 8, P.M.—On Conduction of Electricity in
 Lightning-rods, by Prof. Faraday.
 — Botanical Society, 8.
 — College of Physicians, 8.—Lumleian Lecture.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

At the risk of being considered cavillers, we have never ceased to protest against the taste of the day, exhibited in the multitudinous small picture-books, as tending to degrade Art, so far as engraving is concerned, by substituting effective trickery for simplicity and expression. Let us hope that, ere long, we shall have to speak of this as 'the taste of yesterday.' Here, at all events, are works before us with a far higher aim than most recent publications.

The first of these is *Mr. Roberts's Sketches in the Holy Land*. Though long expected, this work will answer expectation, however highly raised; and the letter-press, by Dr. Croly, which describes the subjects portrayed, is of excellent quality. The large lithographs contained in this opening number, are the 'Interior of the Greek Church in the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem,' the 'Mosque of Omar,' and a general View of the Holy City. To praise Mr. Roberts is superfluous. Mr. Haghe's share in the work, as lithographer, is not to be passed over. The art could not be used more legitimately, nor its effects pushed further without meretriciousness. We are, however, disposed to prefer the vignettes to the views themselves. 'The Entrance to the Holy Sepulchre,' the 'Tomb of St. James,' and the 'Entrance to the Tombs of the Kings,' cannot well be exceeded, whether as regards the picturesqueness of character, or the artistic skill with which they have been rendered. It will be difficult for future numbers to equal—it will be impossible to surpass—so magnificent a commencement.

Another lithographic work of great merit and interest may be mentioned here—the sixth and seventh numbers of the *España Artística y Monumental*. Rich, indeed, past common powers of exhaustion, must be the district we here visit, in defiance of equinoctial gales, political excitement, and civil war. The monasteries and convents have been laid under contribution in these numbers. It would be difficult in any country to match the cloister of 'San Juan de los Reyes,' Toledo, or to find an interior which, with all its barbarous confusion of style, should eclipse that of the 'Monasterio de Huerta.' The 'Capilla del Condestable' (Chapel of the Constable), in the Cathedral of Burgos, is another of those specimens peculiar to Spain, in which a sort of barbaric pomp and magnificence has overlaid the pure and simple form of the architecture, in a way that excites astonishment and wonder rather than gains approval. This last, however, is inferior as a lithograph. It would be a thousand pities if, with so much still in store, the artists employed should become careless or timid. There are traces of both faults in the print complained of, which demanded at once the highest finish and the utmost decision of hand.

Mr. Brockedon's *Italy—Classical, Historical, and Picturesque*, appeals to us in the olden form of line engraving. Nor ought it to appeal in vain: the size of the plates being sufficient to preclude pettiness of execution, and the skill of the artists employed having been put forth with the best possible result. If we welcome scenes in Spain because of their unfamiliarity, we are delighted to look once again at the glories of Italy, because they can never pall or

grow wearisome. The first Part contains a full view of 'St. Peter's, Rome, from the Janiculum hill,' by Mr. Eastlake; another of 'Ancona,' by Mr. Brockedon; and the third, of 'Leghorn,' after a sketch by Admiral Sartorius. The second Part discloses the 'Temples of Paestum,' with an admirable effect of light and shade, after a sketch by Sir George Back; 'Vintimiglia,' by Barnard; and 'Loretto,' with a glory of sunshine steeping the dome of the Casa Santa, by Brockedon. As a refresher of the memories of all who have passed the Alps, and are impatient of seeing the beauties of Italy desecrated by the mechanical or trivial nature of their presentment, this publication deserves all honour.

Mr. Palmer has put forth another modification of the recent discoveries, in three Engravings produced by what he calls the Electroton process. In this process, a metallic plate is covered with a white surface, on which the artist draws with a composition resembling black paint, and on this the electrotype deposit acts, so as to supersede the burin and the mezzotint-roller. As far as the three specimens before us warrant a judgment, the result is satisfactory; in effect, a sort of compromise between mezzotint and etching.

Of *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages* we have so often spoken in terms of the highest commendation, that we need but here announce its progress. Eighteen Parts are now published. When the work is complete, it is more than probable that we shall return to it, for the sake of the instructive and valuable letter-press which accompanies the plates.

There remains for us but to notice a lithographed portrait of the *King of Prussia*, by Onwhyn; and (far better) a large lithograph of the *Launch of the Twofalgur*, by Ranwell and Picken, in which the difficulties of a crowded subject have been most successfully overcome.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On Monday Evening, March the 14th, Wednesday, and Friday, Her Majesty's Servants will perform the New Play of *GLISPIUS*, *Giuseppe*, Mr. Macready; *Fulvia*, Mr. Anderson; *Chorus*, Mr. Hodgson; *Phorus*, Mr. Elton; *Sophronia*, Miss Helen Faucit; with, on Monday, *NO SONG NO SUPPER*.

Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Handel's Opera of *ACTIS AND GALATEA*, illustrated by Mr. Stanfield, R.A.; with the New Comedy of *THE PRISONER OF WAR*.

THE WINDMILL will be repeated Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Musical Entertainment of THE QUAKER will be performed for the first time this Season, on Wednesday.

THE Concert Season is now fairly begun, and with better signs and auspices than have marked its predecessors. The incorporation of the Professional Choral Society secures the frequent assistance of a chorus: there is also more promise of orchestras than has been fashionable in these days of pianoforte accompaniment. Why should not some artist by way of speculation, or, better still, from love of Art, get together and maintain an orchestra wholly independent of the established forces, which are constantly wanted elsewhere? An orchestra is so often required that we cannot doubt the success of the speculation, were it well accomplished. But, to return to matters more immediately pressing: the second Quartet Concert was the best we recollect to have attended. In a quintet by Mozart, and in a quartet by Beethoven, Mr. Blagrove's party played with all their old finish,—but with a breadth and spirit, which we trust is not transient. Onslow's fine sextour suffered a little in the hands of M. Mühlenfeldt, a correct, but somewhat hard-fingered pianist. The singing by Miss Rainforth and Miss A. Kemble was excellent. The latter gave Mendelssohn's exquisite 'Frühling'slied' with so much delicacy and simplicity, that one who had not faith in the versatility of genius, would have been surprised by the intense pathos with which she afterwards executed 'Le Poète mourant,' an elegy by Meyerbeer. We have never heard a finer piece of singing. The composition, too, though marked by French conventionalisms, is expressive, and full of intelligence. Why it has been so much abused by certain of our contemporaries we might be at a loss to divine, did we not recollect that the cry is not wholly extinct which formerly denounced all French composers as a race of screamers, and remember that Tradition is often a dearer possession than Truth. There was no more "scream" either in the composition or the manner of its execution than is inevitable in any of

the Purcell cantatas, so highly vaunted by the same cavillers, if they are sung as they are written: but Purcell is a sacred name to our critics, and one, we observe, they never fail to invoke when in an especially bad humour.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Henry Russell gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, by his unassisted self: the staple of the entertainment being ballads and descriptive scenes of his own composition, the performance of which has earned him popularity and fortune during a long journey throughout America. It would have been an interesting thing to listen to the music which has exercised so universal a charm over a people unused to artistic impressions and traditions, had Mr. Russell's performance been even less entitled to consideration on its own merits. His voice—a bass, of no very extraordinary compass, —is of the finest possible quality: rich, sonorous, and powerful, nor of that unwieldy ponderousness which defies practice to render it flexible. He has dramatic passion, too; no ordinary measure of enterprise; and an enunciation which, though marked by certain peculiarities, is clear and precise: attacking the ear with the word in a manner some have held it impossible for the English singer to do. In short, in spite of the difference in register of the two voices, we were constantly reminded by him of Braham, in some of Braham's best exhibitions. Mr. Russell has much labour to undergo if he would render himself a vocalist; but he has the material to work upon of no common value.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—We have been led back to these "high places" of English vocal music, from the rumours of change, research, and prosperity, which have been current since H.R.H. Prince Albert joined their direction. Certain it is, that we do not remember so full a first night, in any former season, as Wednesday. The scheme, too, was good of its miscellaneous kind: Handel, Stevens, Haydn, Hummel, Mozart, and Jomelli;—in such "admirable disorder" were the great names of English, Italian, and German music thrust together! But to remonstrate against this organic defect of the Ancient Concerts must be so fruitless, that we will rather dwell upon faults more remediable. By way of an improvement on the old system of conducting, an organist is now added, whose sole business is to play, while the conductor has nothing to care for, save his baton. So far this arrangement is a prudent one, but the manner in which it is carried into effect would puzzle the Sphinx to divine. The conductor stands with his back to the band (!), and so low as almost to be on a level with the semi-chorus and the principal singers, while the organist sits with his back to the conductor (!!) so that the two functionaries are placed, by a rare exercise of ingenuity, beyond the power of signal or communication, and the most important officer never can see the principal parties whom he is to control; with the additional advantage of being more out of the singer's way than he is in his usual position. The result might be foreseen. Mr. Bishop, under no circumstances precise or decided in laying down the law of time for the composition to be performed, first began to beat,—then came the violins, then the wind instruments, and then the organ;—the whole start being too often most painfully undecided. It need not be insisted how badly such inexactness tells upon ancient music, where, inasmuch as lights and shades are few, a breadth and steadiness of time are doubly called for. The *allegro* to the overture to 'Saul' wavered incessantly: the chords in the 'Dead March' were many of them metamorphosed into *arpeggi*; and the accompaniments to all such songs as were in the least complicated, became a dead weight upon, instead of an assistance to the singers. This was felt particularly in the long recitative for 'Lucio Vero' of Jomelli, sung by Miss Kemble, and hardly less so in Haydn's more straight-forward accompaniments to Miss Birch's bird song from 'The Creation.' As regards the selection, a fine 'Gloria,' from one of Hummel's masses, and a 'Magnificat,' by Mozart, were the most prominent novelties. The singers, besides those we have mentioned, were Miss M. B. Hawes, Phillips, who always appears to advantage at these Concerts, Messrs. Hawkins, Bennett, and Stretton. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was conductor for the evening.

MISCELLANEA

Barometric Observations, made at 47, Leicester-square, London, during a portion of the gale of March 9 and 10, 1842, by W. R. Birt:—

Time of Observation.	Barometer Uncorrected.	Attached Thermometer.
March 9, P.M.		
2 0	29.616	51.9
5 0	575	52.3
5 25	560	52.6
5 51	545	52.7
6 2	530	52.9
8 20	520	52.7
10 0	510	52.2
11 0	28.980	52.0
12 0	322	51.1
A.M.		
March 10, 1 0	722	52.0
1 15	702	51.9
1 20	700	52.1
1 30	700	52.2
1 45	705	52.1
2 0	711	52.0
2 24	724	51.9
6 14	28.446	52.4
9 2	510	52.2
10 2	504	54.2
P.M.		
March 10, 1 20	731	49.2
2 2	746	50.5

The gale commenced at 5 P.M. on the 9th. Previously, the wind (as shown by the anemometer at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street,) had been blowing from the south-west, and the barometer had been falling since 9 20. A.M. At the commencement of the gale, the wind shifted to the south, and blew from that point, veering to the south-east, till 12 at night. At 1 A.M. on the 10th, it was blowing from south-west, and at 8 A.M., until noon, from west-north-west. The fall of the mercury from 5 P.M. on the 9th, till 20 minutes past 1 in the morning of the 10th, was equal to .875 in. It commenced rising at 1 30, A.M. During the fall of the mercury, the wind blew from south and south-east, and during its rise from west and west-north-west.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Feb. 21.—A discussion took place on the question of the colouring of bones in living animals by means of madder mixed in the food administered, and which has been considered of importance, as showing the progressive growth of the bones. Messrs. Serres and Doyère now presented a memoir on a series of experiments on this subject, made by them, and inferred that the colouring of the bones penetrated into the osseous tissue to so small a depth, that the physiological importance of the phenomenon was greatly diminished, if not entirely set aside, by this fact; and also that the colouring was nothing more than an ordinary phenomenon of dyeing the bones. Some curious experiments were mentioned as having been lately made by Capt. Baillly, of the engineers, on an artesian well at Lille, which had exhibited some remarkable phenomena of intermission in the discharge of the water. M. Baillly had proved that these intermissions corresponded with the tides at Dunkirk.—M. Arago read a communication from Mr. Nasmyth, an English engineer, stating that it had been observed on several lines of railroads in England, that the rails never rusted when they were traversed by waggons going always in the same direction; but that when they served for waggons going in opposite directions, as in the case of a single line of rails, they became rusted very soon.—M. Matteucci announced that he had succeeded in reproducing the celebrated experiment of Galvani, by putting the nerves and the muscles of a living animal in communication with each other. This instantly produced an electric current, susceptible of being multiplied by an arrangement similar to the voltaic pile; and he had thus produced deviation in a galvanometer, amounting to 25 degrees.—Feb. 28.—M. Arago gave an account of the proceedings of the commission on the question of inventing either an indelible ink, or else a "paper of safety," in order to prevent forgeries. It appeared that the invention of an indelible ink was given up, as insufficient for the purpose, and that the efforts of competitors for the premium of 36,000fr., offered by Government in 1836, were now directed to the making of the safety paper. It had been proposed to cover the paper with a kind of vignette, or tool-work, in an ink that should be in part liable to be effaced; so that if any attempts should be made to alter the writing or printing on such paper, the vignette work would be effaced also, and the forgery detected. M. Arago expressed

himself sanguine in his expectations that the result proposed would be attained; and two memoirs, by Messrs. Zuber and Knecht, were recommended to the notice of a special commission, appointed to examine them. M. Dufresnoy read a report on some researches made by M. Paillette upon the metalliferous districts of Calabria, and the north of Sicily. It appeared that the mines now worked in those districts were not opened previous to 1720, and that before this period the mineral riches of the countries in question had been very imperfectly known to, or at least little used by, the inhabitants, and even the Romans. It was about 1720 that some German miners were employed by Charles VI. to look for metallic veins; their operations assumed a certain degree of importance about 1753; but thirty years later they were almost entirely abandoned. Most of the metalliferous formations of southern Italy consist of small veins, resembling those of Auvergne and the Limousin. Tables of the quantity of metal produced by the various mines now worked accompanied these researches.—A memoir was read by M. Combes, on the sulphureous hot springs of Hamman-Fasouka, near Bona, in Africa. They burst forth on a small plateau, which is covered by a white crust of the mineral matter deposited by their water, and they form round each orifice small cones, from the summits of which the water flows. Their average heat is from 78 to 80 degrees of Reaumur, or from 207½ to 212 Fahrenheit—boiling point. It is only 200 or 300 paces from the spot where the waters of these springs join a mountain stream of cold water, that their heat becomes reduced enough to allow of people bathing in them. They are highly sulphureous, and send up immense clouds of steam. The numbers of people who resort to them for all kinds of complaints are considerable.

Naples.—It appears from the report of M. Nicolini, and other Neapolitan geologists, that the level of the Mediterranean Sea fell gradually, from 1820 to 1838, 112 millimètres, or between four and five inches English.

Draining Machine.—At the last meeting of the Agricultural Society, Mr. J. G. S. Lefevre presented, on the part of the Board of Trade, an American draining machine, invented by P. D. Henry, of New Orleans, U.S. The object of this machine is to raise water from a low place to a higher one; and the inventor proposes to accomplish this purpose by means of a hollow revolving hydraulic wheel, placed vertically at one-third its depth in the water, and divided into scooped compartments provided with valves which, as the wheel turns round, admit the water and retain it until a certain elevation above the surface has been attained, when the inclosed water falls back along radiating compartments towards the centre of the hollow wheel, and is carried away by a cylinder in a continuous stream. Mr. Henry enters into a detailed account of the particular arrangements by which this effect is produced in the most economical and efficient manner, and claims as the peculiar merit of his invention, the tangential manner in which the compartments of the hollow wheel are arranged in reference to the cylindric conduit through its centre, and the contrivance of the spoons for scooping up the water when the reservoir is low. Above the hydraulic wheel, when in use, is placed a man on a frame-work, who causes the great wheel to revolve, by turning the handle of cog wheels acting on its circumference; and the inventor states that he found a wheel of six feet in diameter, constructed on this principle, and worked by one man, capable of raising 200 gallons of water per minute.

Pawnbroking in Paris.—From a statement of the operations at the *Mont-de-Piété* of Paris, during the last year, the following are the results:—

	Articles.	Value.	Average.
Pledges	1,220,692	18,756,029fr.	15fr. 21c.
Renewals	241,130	6,763,827	22 90

Total

1,461,822 24,339,856

From this it appears, that one article and a half is annually pawned for each inhabitant of the capital, and that the average of each loan is 36 fr. At the end of 1840, there were remaining at the *Mont-de-Piété* 832,742 articles in pledge, and the sum lent upon them was 15,883,661 fr. The average operations of each day were as follows:—Pledges, 3,840, sum 59,655; Renewals 755, sum 17,505; Redemptions, 2,830 sum 42,998. The directors of the

stitution more money would be one time

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stitution have been obliged to refuse receiving any more mattresses, as in a short time its storehouses would have been filled with them. There were at one time no fewer than 15,000 mattresses pledged.

Silk Weaving.—The *Courrier de Lyon* says, that two inventions, the details of which have not been made public, are much talked of in that city, as calculated to effect a complete revolution in the weaving of silk. Many parts of the looms now in use are done away with by the new method, and the preparation of the pattern is made much more easy of application.

Wine from Sydney.—In 1837, a family of vine-dressers from the valley of Rheingau, in the Duchy of Nassau, composed of nineteen persons, emigrated to Sydney with the object of introducing there the principal sorts of Rhenish wines. According to the latest accounts received, the enterprise has succeeded beyond expectation, and these German colonists have already made more than 3,500 gallons (15,800 bottles) of wine. The quality, according to samples which have been sent home, although not quite equal to the Rhenish wine, is excellent, and the difference is not easily distinguished.—*French Paper.*

To Correspondents.—We announced long since the projected publication of the works of Frederic the Great, under the direction of the Academy, and at the expense of his Majesty the King of Prussia.

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